

BE SURE YOU PURCHASE OUR

THE

CHARMING CHRISTMAS CRY.

# WAR CRY



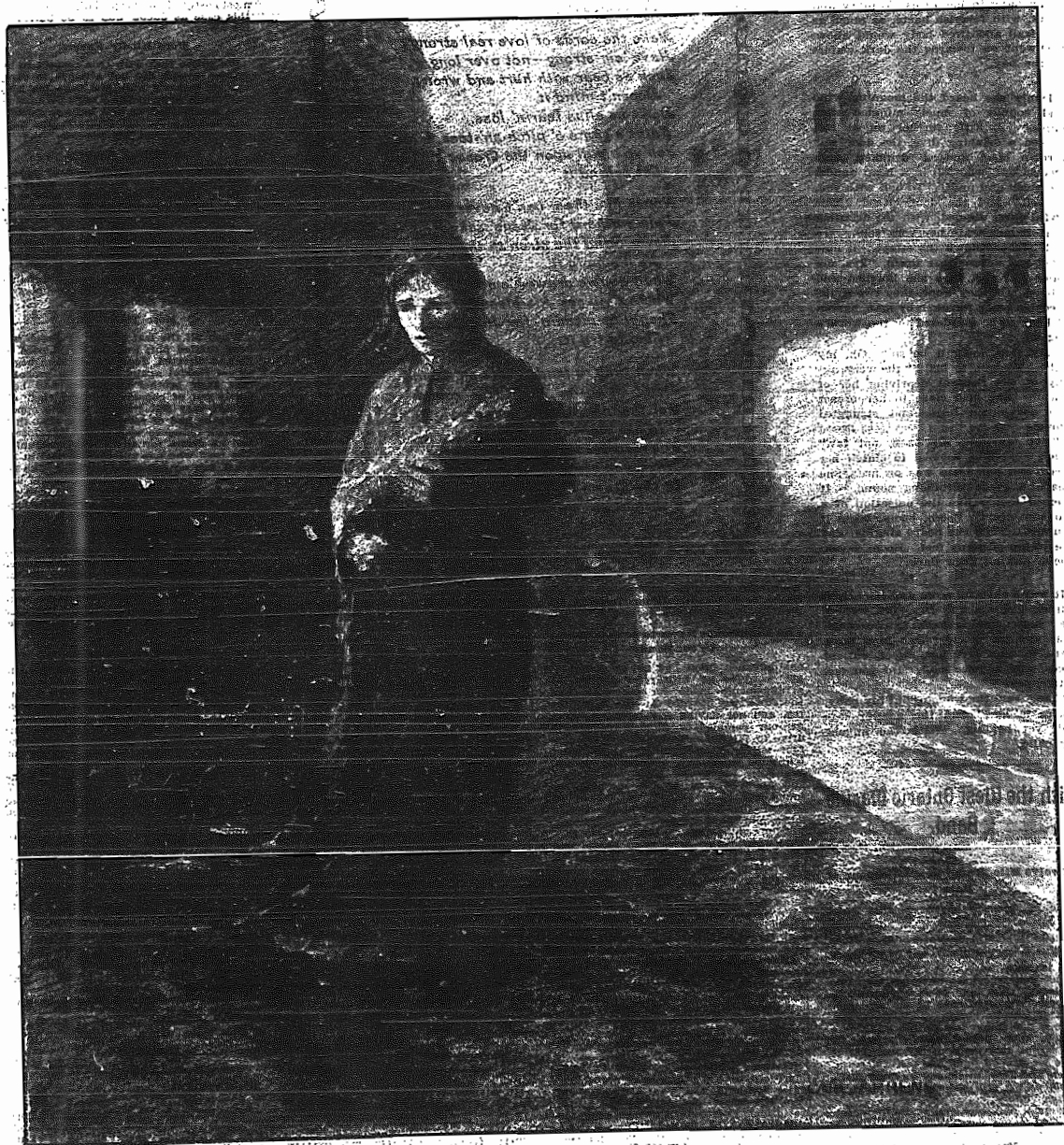
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WILLIAM BOOTH  
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.

TORONTO, DEC. 18, 1897.

EVANGELINE BOOTH  
Commissioner for North-Western America.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



IT WAS NEAR THE HOUR OF TEN ON A WINTER'S NIGHT. (See Next Page.)

(A SHORT STORY.)

## Rescued by the Army and the Angels.

(See Frontispiece.)

It was near the hour of dawn on a winter's night. The streets were covered with slush and it was drizzling rain, half-freezing as it fell. The wind moaned about the corners of the old buildings, and swayed the wicket signs, in the street occupied by pawn-brokers and rag-mongers.

Midway down the street an Italian dance-house, filled with a swirling mob of many colors, was in full swing, as a woman devoid of protection from the elements, staggered along, cast out into the street with her dying baby in her arms. Hungry and weak, with feverish haste, as much as her frail and tired body would allow, she went on towards the dark waters of the bay.

Dimly she heard the moaning wind and sounds of music mingled with curses. A little further on as she passed a drinking dive, the door was thrown open and a drunken man pushed out, who fell in a heap amidst the slush and mud. "To hell with you, to hell," and the door closed. This awful curse seemed, with the drizzling rain, to penetrate her very soul. "To hell," echoed down the street; it now lived and entered her brain, "Yes, my baby will go," then she laughed and sobbed. On they went, their two souls, precious souls, forsaken by man, barren of love, to be murdered by the world's neglect.

"My God, must it be so? Oh, my babe. To hell, to hell!" the very agony of the thought depriving her of reason. She held close to her breast the cold little form, and struggled alone.

"Not far now, my babe, not far." Then something seemed to clutch her heart and her brain was on fire. She heard a great throbbing sound. It seemed to her like the pulsation of a monster heart. Boom, boom, boom it sounded. Then she heard singing, and the tramp of many feet. Boom, boom, boom, and all grew dark.

It was a cheerful room and the bright winter's sun shone in; the woman was just awaking back to consciousness and the world. Two kind faces were bending over her, sweet, patient faces, and a voice said, "Do you feel better, dear?"

"Yes," said the woman, but my baby, where is he?" and the answer was sad, yet healing, "With the angels, my child."

## With the West Ontario Marine Band.

### A Twelve Mile Tramp in a Snow-pour of Rain.

The experiences of the Marine Band are varied. Sometimes it is no trouble at all to interest a crowd, whilst at other times it is very difficult, but at all times God is with them.

Since last report we have not been idle or sleepy. We have been driving on to victory. We often hear people say their trust is not in horses or chariots, but there is one thing, the Marine Band does depend upon horses and chariots as that is our only mode of travelling. But while we depend upon our faithful team, Queen and Jess, to convey us from place to place, we still depend upon God to give us victory.

We spent one week-end at Southampton and God came very near, and after a hard day's fighting we had the joy of seeing one soul converted to God.

After leaving Southampton we drove to

Kilsandine and then to Tiverton. A full house, both places. From Tiverton we went to Ripley. Here we had

### An Experience Never to be Forgotten by the Band.

Our advance agent had not been able to get word to us with reference to the arrangements made for our stay, and therefore we boarded at the hotel for tea, and not having any billets to stay at, our commodore decided we should drive to Wingham, a distance of twenty-four miles. So accordingly at half-past ten p.m. we struck out for Wingham. We soon found the road very heavy, and about 3 a.m. in the morning we found our team playing out. Four or five of the lads walked about twelve miles, and the rain poured down upon us, wetting us almost through. At four o'clock we called at a farm house, and asked the farmer, who happened to be an uncle of Capt. Trotter, to drive us to Wingham, which he willingly did, arriving at Wingham at half-past seven a.m., being nine hours and a half on the road.

We spent the week-end at Wingham, where we found the people in a very poor condition spiritually, but God gave us a message and we delivered it boldly.

After leaving Wingham we drove to Brussels. Arriving here we found everyone looking forward to our visit. After an open-air we marched back to our hall which we found to be packed to the doors. Here God helped us to do a thorough work for Him.

Atwood and Milvinton follows. Crowds and finances good.

Strathroy comes next. Here we were reinforced by the presence of our F. O. Major Southall. My, what a time we did have, the Major leading. We had a nice crowd here. Everyone seemed delighted with the visit of the band.

Mitchell is next on the list, but we must pass on to Seaford, where we are to spend the weekend. Arriving about

See?

Isn't many up in heaven

By the whip an' spur was driven;

Why! the blessed Lord were given

Out o' kindness

Cords of love He says to us:

Don't stir round with hobnail shoes,

S'ead o' helmin' folks be'f' us

In yer blindness.

Cords of power, cords of gold,

Won't stand nothin'. Get a hold

O the love that don't grow cold;

That's what's drawin'.

Wind it round the Cross, an' then

When it slackens—wind agen;

Takes some pullin' to land men;

No see-sawin'.

Make the cords of love real strong;

Have 'em strong—not over long—

Such as bear with hurt and wrong,

Doesn't mind it.

Don't be allus fearin' loss,

'Taint a game o' pitch-an'-toss,

You've a pull upon the Cross;

Get behind it.

Ropes like them can't never break,

Pull 'em hard for Jesus' sake.

Never mind the stren'th they take,

He'll supply it.

When you've drawed 'em to the place

Where they see Jis blessed face,

They'll be pleadin' for Jis grace,

Glad to try it.

When they're landed safe an' sound

Don't sit down. Go stirrin' round

For the others to be found

In sin pinin'.

You'll forget the work an' care,

When you see 'em all up there.

In the Crown He's goin' to wear,

Bright an' shinin'.

—Bertie O'Connell, Toronto.

upon we played out to the lake. Here we had another day's night, we were prepared to give our audience, but the rain was so heavy that we did not go.

On the 11th day we started for Seaford. The weather was very bad, but we went on. The band played well, and the audience was very large.

At Seaford we had a very large audience. The weather was very bad, but we went on. The band played well, and the audience was very large.

Afternoon passed very well. The band played well, and the audience was very large. The weather was very bad, but we went on.

The band played well, and the audience was very large. The weather was very bad, but we went on. The band played well, and the audience was very large.

Light of that day, which was very bright, and the audience was very large. The weather was very bad, but we went on.

After a day's work we had a very large audience. The weather was very bad, but we went on. The band played well, and the audience was very large.

More than ever we had a very large audience. The weather was very bad, but we went on. The band played well, and the audience was very large.

Best for God and the people. The weather was very bad, but we went on. The band played well, and the audience was very large.

BE MUCH WITH GOD. FOUR. WAR WILL SEND.

THE GLORY OUGHT TO SHINE OUT OF BOTH OUR PACES AND OUR WORK.

## \*\*\*\*\* HELPS \*\*\*\*\*

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

## \*\*\*\*\* DEATH OF JOSEPH \*\*\*\*\*

Joseph's death was a great loss to the world. He had been a faithful servant of God, and his death was a great loss to the world. He had been a faithful servant of God, and his death was a great loss to the world.

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# THE GENERAL'S APPROACHING VISIT

Note the Dates and Make Arrangements to be there.

The largest possible buildings have been secured so as to enable the greatest possible number to see and hear the Army's great veteran—the Apostle of the Masses.

## ST. JOHN, N.B.

January 18th and 19th—The Institute.

January 20th—The Centenary Church.

## YARMOUTH, N.S.

January 21st.

## HALIFAX, N.S.

January 22nd—Salvation Army Barracks.

January 23rd and 24th—The Academy.

## MONTREAL.

January 26th and 27th—St. James' Church.

## OTTAWA.

January 28th.

## KINGSTON.

January 29th and 30th—Salvation Army Barracks.

## PETERBORO.

January 31st—Opera House.

## HAMILTON.

February 1st.

## LONDON.

February 2nd—At Queen's Ave. Church.

## TORONTO.

February 3rd to 8th.

MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

February 3rd, 6th and 7th.

Fuller Particulars Later.

## NOTES OF A SELF-DENIAL MEETING

At Lippincott St., Toronto.

REV. E. RYERSON YOUNG, Jr., B. A.

AFTER a selection by the band and prayer, Adj. Bradley introduced the lecturer of the evening, Rev. E. Ryerson Young, Jr., of Zion Methodist Church. Mr. Young began his address by saying, "Christianity is a religion of 'Go.' Our Lord Jesus Christ's command is 'Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' The Gospel is universal in its application. Other so-called religions are local—for distinct places and peculiar peoples. Confucius came for China; Buddha, for India; Shinto, for Japan, and so on. They would say to the outside world, 'Come to us and we will instruct you.' Christianity alone says, 'Go, carry the message of love till none on earth be found who are ignorant of a Saviour's power, of a Father's pardon, and of a sustaining Comforter.' 'Go,' that is the command that has sent our Missionaries out from home to the foreign fields."

Mr. Young described how his parents went out from Ontario to the then wild North Land.

### The Lone Mission Field

around the Northern and Eastern sides of Lake Winnipeg. Two months and sixteen days were consumed in the journey. They were four hundred miles from the nearest corner grocery or doctor. They received their daily papers once in six months. (Laughter.)

In that lonely land the speaker was born. His nurse was an old Indian woman who loved him passionately and who came to his rescue in many a difficulty. She was one of those poor women who have suffered from brutal drunken husbands. Instead of trading his furs for substantial clothing he got rum. Coming home drunk he struck his wife with an axe. The axe buried itself in the backbone and for years the nurse, called Mary, lay upon her back. She was deserted by her husband and pagan friends. Christ in Indians ministered to her and when the Missionary came he found her heart ready for the Gospel. When Mary recovered she came to the Mission House and wanted to serve the people who had been so kind to her. As she was clean and neat in reputation for an Indian woman her services were accepted. She had a special fondness for the speakers and did not relinquish her love even when his baby sister came. When she arrived Mary was taken in to see the babe. With care and tenderness she examined the child, and then laid it beside the mother, saying,

"Girl Very Nice, but I Like Boy Better"

(Laughter.) And Mary spent her time caring for the boy, letting whoever would care for the baby girl.

Though only a child when he left that land, Mr. Young said that there were ways in which children were useful in opening the hearts of the heathen and preparing them for the Gospel. The children had no fear of the wild Indians. By the peculiar skill of children they soon learn what the Indians are talking about, and in childish ways, by questions and innocent affection they won the hearts of those heathens and prepared the way for the words of instruction that would fall from the lips of the parents. Verily, "a child shall lead them."

The Mission grew under Missionary Egerton Young until it was 500 miles long by 200 wide.



REV. EGERTON YOUNG,  
The Pioneer Missionary to the Indians.



CAPTAIN FOX, NOW OF WINNIPEG SHELTER, IN INDIAN COSTUME.

Over this large field the Missionary travelled twice a year—once in the summer with canoe and again in the winter with dogs and sleds. Intense suffering was endured cheerfully for the Gospel's sake and triumphs were his reward at the end. Secured Indians explained that they had lost faith in their old religion as taught by the medicine-men and conjurers, and what the Missionary said filled their hearts and they were glad to hear it before they died.

While Mr. Young, Sr., was visiting his outside appointments, and away from home sometimes three months at a time, Mrs. Young was the Home Missionary, carrying on the services as usual and visiting the sick.

Mr. Young told of the transformation of a

### Man who was Once a Cannibal.

but was so changed that the Missionary's wife declared that she felt like a child at the feet of a loving teacher as he talked to her of the love of Jesus, and of the power of the Gospel. "Verily," said Mr. Young, "our old Gospel has not lost its power, when it can reach down to-day to the most degraded of men and take them out of the pit of sin, of heathenism, even of cannibalism, cleanse, renew, and sanctify them so that a stranger will hardly believe that they were once so sinful, so vile, so loathsome."

"Some insist that there are 'bad Indians.' I grant you that there are, and there are bad whites, very bad ones too. It is not fair to go to the outskirts of some Indian village and pick up some dirty, drunken, dilapidated Indian and say, 'That is what your Indian is coming to.'"

"You would not think me fair if I should bring some fine Indian and attempt to show them the best products of Christianity by taking them to a saloon where a lot of drunken wretches were carousing, or if I should drag before them some of the poor, battered unfortunate of the slum. 'No,' you would say, 'don't do that. Bring them to our Gospel meetings. Let them see our happy faces, our sparkling eyes; let them hear our testimonies and

The Saving Power of Jesus Blood, and Hear our Songs of Love."

"So I say, do not misjudge the Indian. I could tell of Maskapegon, who gave up his life as he was taking the Gospel to his bitterest enemy, of Samuel Papaneck, whose life was sacrificed that he might take food to starving whites in a district infected with small pox; of Godly Pagan who would rather starve than break God's holy day; of Mamoonah, a woman who would rather be a Methodist class leader than the Chief of a tribe. The Gospel has its trophies among the

Indians. Yes, wherever and whenever it is applied with earnestness, fidelity and love, there it will work its sanctifying, uplifting, glorifying power.

"We owe the Gospel to the Indians, because we have their land. For the honor of our fair national name, we ought to give them the Gospel to cleanse away the stain of having dark masses of heathenism within our borders, and they are of the 'every creature,' and all the world; to whom our Commander orders us to carry the Gospel. Then in the name of honesty, of patriotism, of morality, and of Christianity, let us carry them the Gospel.

"Sons of God, and light-filled souls, Behold your brother's dismal night! Go, carry your message of love, Till all the world is filled with the light. Spread o'er the world with heavenly

halm; Bid all sin-bound ones be whole; Speed, O! in troubled hearts, a calm Proclaim, Christ dwells in every soul."

Some thrillingly interesting books have been written by the great pioneer Missionary, father of E. Ryerson Young, Jr., entitled, "Three Boys in the Wild North Land," "On the Indian Trail," "By Canoe and Dog Train," "Stories from Indian Wigwags," "Oowikapun," which can be obtained of the Trade Secretary, Staff-Capt. Horn, or of William Briggs, at the Methodist Book Room.



REV. E. R. YOUNG, Jr., B.A.,  
In his Academic Robes.



## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

VISITS

## The Imperial City.

SPLENDID AUDIENCE—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

At last I had chance to ask a few questions. This was absolutely necessary in order to write an intelligent report of something I had not witnessed myself. The answers were given freely by the lady officer who should have written this report according to the ways of men, but the ways of women are past finding out.

"Rush? Of course, it meant we had to economize time. At 9:30 on the morning following the big Banquet Meeting we had to catch the train for Ottawa."

"Just so," said your humbleness, rather nervously, since he was entirely new and tender, and ignorant of the way reporters ought to proceed with their interrogations. "and—hum—how did you find the weather?"

"Rather cold: the streets looked like glass, the group of officers that had waited patiently at the station to receive the field Commissioner appeared to be none too warm in spite of their big coats. Nevertheless, they warmly welcomed their leader with all evidences of gladness."

"Of course you had a good turn-out to the meetings?"

"Yes, that goes without saying. The benches had been abundantly decorated with numerous flags and colored bunting, very gay to behold and pleasant within, but somewhat detrimental to our acoustic properties of the hall."

"Will you kindly mention did Ottawa give to Miss Booth?"

"Oh, a most hearty one, without qualification whatever. I thought that the handsomeness never goes to stop blowing their horns."

"I should judge that the Commissioner was rather tired after her Montreal meeting and the tiresome journey?"

"Yes, Miss Booth was tired, but she rose up to the occasion, as she always does. She did splendidly, as we could easily deduce from the wrapt attention paid to her address."

"What subject was chosen for it?"

"Miss Booth, as announced, spoke on the subject, 'Lighter than Niagara,' that of course is a very suggestive title."

"Will you kindly name me the chief points of the address?"

"That is very difficult to do, Mr. Quizzer, as you well know. There are in the first place so many points in the Field Commissioner's addresses that it requires a very clever mind to say which are the best. We must also remember that the manner in which she leads up to her points, the eloquent construction of her speech and other features are as essential to form a correct idea at all of her powerful influence upon her audience, as the points themselves."

"Just so, I know well that Miss Booth can bring life and fascination into her texts which are as strong as they are individual, and I realize with you the thankless task of reporting any one of her addresses."

"Then you will not press me for details, but rather glad that I am giving you a chance to let you off so easily."

"Just so. Thank you very much. I am fearfully nervous, though, as I am sure the Ottawa people will blame me or the War Cry for putting such a green hand to the task of reporting this meeting. Is there anything else that you can tell me?"

"The Commissioner's children took part in the meeting. Dot sang in her own little choir, and she was very lovely, like golden stairs to glory." Then Willie and Pearl rendered some solos and duets to the huge delight of the audience, which they appreciated as usual."

"You wound up with a prayer meeting, I am sure?"

"Yes, to be sure. I believe we should have had remarkable results, only for the fact that we had to close so quickly to catch the night train for Toronto."

"Thanks, very much. Brigadier Sharp says that the Ottawa people are very high in their praise of Miss Booth and will have her come back long ago, as soon as possible, sooner if it can be arranged, in fact. The Brigadier has not the slightest doubt but that the results are highly gratifying to all concerned. Good-bye."

Neophyte Quizzer.

Ensign Fletcher has been visiting the Home for Incurables at Toronto and beguiling the suffering of their pain by the music from his guitar. He had a lovely time, visited the men and women and then went around to the inmates of the wards who couldn't come. This is an excellent way for a young man to exercise his lungs and limbs.

## MIXTURES.

Now is the time for War Cry Brigades.

Ensign McHarg is not feeling at all fit for duty yet.

The best organized corps will have outlasted victory with the Christmas War Cry sales.

A new henery is being erected at the Industrial Farm to accommodate 150 fowls.

Capt. Melkie has been very sick, but is better again, for which we praise the Lord.

Have you seen the little dodger on the Christmas Cry for house to house distribution.

The nomination meeting on behalf of the Christmas War Cry will be a Jmce of Interest.

The War Cry expects to publish the names of all who will take part in War Cry selling in 1939.

Adjt. Hunter has been far from well since coming to Barre, and needs the prayer of faith.

Capt. Adams' reception meeting, at the Princess, Rink, Chicago, takes place Thursday, Dec. 8th.

Breaded Red had a farewell meeting and tea to Capt. and Mrs. Adams at the Children's Shelter, Toronto.

We are pushing J. S. matters and hope to have an increase by Christmas or New Years.—Brigadier Bennett.

We are confidently looking forward to the Christmas War Cry saving, sanctifying and blessing many who read it.

Lieut. Campbell is quite sick; has to go under doctor's treatment and goes home on that account right away.

Brain heated, blood feverish, nerves at the end of the experience of some at the Editorial Office, Cause, Christmas Cry.

Ensign Peet's little boy is very sick and is a great sufferer. Will all pray for the little boy that he may soon be well?

Mrs. Tilley has gone to Boston for a change and rest, and the Ensign, according to latest word to hand, is far from well.

Every living soul amongst us from the Atlantic to the Pacific should feel responsible to take a hand in the disposal of the Christmas Cry.

The officer in charge of the Boarding House Department on the Industrial Farm Colony is appointed chief night school instructor.

We are having beautiful times. Souls every week. St. Thomas is a fine place. Two souls Sunday. One more last night.—T. Ford Barker, Capt.

The printing department have turned out a very creditable advertisement for the Christmas Cry which is to be displayed in all barracks.

The issue of the Christmas War Cry which is being in need on the Field this year is the biggest ever printed in the history of the Territory.

The preliminary posters announcing the General's visits were shipped from Territorial Headquarters this week. They measure 12 feet by 4 feet.

The War Cry and Young Soldier expect to publish early in the New Year the biggest list of War Cry and Young Soldier hustlers the Territory has ever seen.

Flood Officers!—On no account to late in sending in list of War Cry and Young Soldier hustlers for publication as per Commissioner's instructions in special pamphlet.

Have you sent in your order for goods allowed you from the Officers' Clothing Club? If not you should do so at once, as these are to be in by Christmas.

Ensign Stalger and Captain McNanny have raised the War Cry forty copies during the last few weeks. Things appear to be moving in the right direction at St. Albans.

Capt. Milson in her last letter expresses her longing desire for the front of the fight, but her health is very bad and will detain her from the battle for some time to come.

Some folks say, "Send me ten Song Books with bill." This is one thing the Trade Secretary, generous soul as he is, will not allow to do. Cash in advance or C. O. D. is the rule.

A small mountain of correspondence has already accumulated between International Headquarters, Territorial Headquarters, and the various Provincial

Headquarters relative to the General's visit.

Carl Ward, of Pembroke, has a long-standing promise of a rest, that will not come under the new regulation, and she will be going right after that W— at Monteburg, where she intends to be present.

A movement in favor of Christian unity in Canada has been inaugurated at Toronto. Rev. F. C. C. Heathcott, of 21 Austen Avenue, is Secretary. May this and every other movement for peace and unity prosper.

In the midst of a great whirl of work the Field Commissioner has gone to the trouble to draw up special instructions for all responsible for the disposal of the Christmas War Cry. See the booklet, "How to sell out."

Lieut. Barrett has been fighting against sickness ever since coming into the field and will be compelled to have a change of work. The doctor says he must have hard manual labor and strong food. Funny prescription that.

We have heard from Adjt. Ogilvie that her sister has passed away. All the officers of the B. O. P. will sympathize with her and pray for the comfort of her sisters who are both officers.—"Hotspur." God bless the bereaved.—Ed.

According to latest advice Colonel Holland was to start for California on Nov. 24th in connection with the Social work there. We are almost breathless with interest in expectation of the developments on the Social Colony.

All the way from Spokane comes a "Personal" letter to the Editor inviting him to the wedding in the First M. E. Church of "Capt. Martha Moffatt and Ensign Joseph Hart." Sorry we cannot attend but commend and wish you useful and victorious future.—Ed.

"Perfect organization" is the pass word in connection with the placing of the Christmas Cry before the people this year. Miss Booth has gone to the trouble of preparing an excellent pamphlet for the guidance of officers everywhere respecting how to dispose of the Christmas War Cry.

All local officers, including treasurers, secretaries, sergeant-major, sergeants, and bandmen are to be re-commissioned. All officers in all commissions at your corps right away and send them to your D.O. In the case of the treasurer and secretary the D. O. will send them to the Provincial Headquarters.—"Hotspur."

LIVELY.—I am here only four weeks in this city of 120,000 people. Wild West town. There is more happens here in a week than in a month in Canadian towns. Seven deaths, three cases of lunacy, two dangerous assaults—all this since I came. Such a place for a holiday. Such a place of such material something might be gotten. Good little corps here. We have every chance. S. A. O. K. here.—Captain

Enrollment of Twenty Soldiers at St. George's, Bermuda, the Army's Latest Opening in the Island of the Lilies.

We have just had our first enrollment. The people were very anxious to know what was to be done, and the hour was packed long before the hour for the meeting. After the articles of war were read twenty stood to their feet taking down beneath the Army Flag to fight till death. The voice of God spoke to many hearts when our first Junior stepped to the front and was enrolled by the Adjutant. There is, I believe, as strong a great desire to join in uniform and we have about twenty more waiting their turn to enlist for God and souls. The Lord is good to us. Truly the line has fallen to us in pleasant places. Yours in the war.—Kate Welch and Ethel Martin.

## Industrial Farm, Toronto.

Last Sunday Major and Mrs. Gaskein led the meetings and were rich with blessing and liberty. In the afternoon, nine or ten of the colonists gave their testimonies to the saving power of God. Mrs. Gaskein and Eva sang. At night Dan farwelled for a while. Four weeks ago he came to the farm. For years he had been a slave to drink, but he is now well saved and very happy. Dan gave a beautiful testimony. Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd and farm officers were hard for the men's salvation. Sovereign have been several lately and others are under deep conviction.

## LOSE SELF IN GOD AND DWELL THERE.

BUSINESS WILL SMILE AT THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

## SOULS ARE SAVED, POOR PEOPLE NURSED.

Junior Work Advances in Newfoundland.

A LETTER FROM THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

I AM glad to say God is still blessing us on the Island. Right from the far North, where Ensign Newman and his brave soldiers are working, I received a letter this week stating that God is blessing them and that there are many

Souls Coming to the Lord and Getting Saved.

Ensign McRae, of the Twillimere District, has also written to say that they are preparing for a great soul-saving campaign this winter. Ensign Kenway has just finished up a tour round his District, and reports that God gave him a blessed time in every corps. Ensign Moss has just taken charge of the Greenspond District, writing, saying that she has had a splendid reception, and since then they have had some blessed meetings and a few souls have professed to be saved. Ensign Allan, of Harbor Grace, is hard at it. God has wonderfully blessed her labor there, and now she is preparing for

A Great Soul-Saving Time this Winter

The Junior Soldier work is going to be a success on the Island. The people are taking a great interest in it. We have taken the British Hall for a Junior's Demonstration on Christmas Day. Capt.enden has a band of boys and girls under her leading the musical drill, and I have no doubt she will have a much posted up for the occasion. Of course she is looking forward to the help of the Corps officers in the same.

The recent St. John's Festival was beautiful, going over the proceeds of last year quite a bit, which has encouraged us for Self-Denial.

Every Officer and Soldier is Very Enthusiastic

over the same and determined that we will reach our target. Although the financial standing of the Island is very poor on account of the failure of the flour, yet we are determined to eat the bread of life. We have had to postpone the dates on account of the printed matter not arriving in time, yet from the letter I have received from the officers they seem to be in high spirits over it.

The Social Work is Still Progressing

The Shelter in St. Johns is becoming a great blessing to both the poor of the City and those coming in from the out-harbors. It is too small and we are applying for the use of a larger flat which has been used for other purposes. I have no doubt in short we will have a very comfortable Shelter here. The shun work is also a great blessing to the poor, as our officers so help to these poor people, carrying a blessing to those poor people. Lieut. Mercer and her assistant has been a great blessing to many in

Assisting Them with Food and Clothing and Looking After the Sick.

They are kept very busy indeed. I am expecting in a short time to open up a little hall for them to hold meetings to for people who don't attend any place of worship.

We have spent a week-end at each of the city corps, and God gave us a blessed time. We are looking forward for a blessed time this winter in the soul-saving time.

Yours affectionately,

ALEX. MCMEILAN.

Provincial Officer.

A little religion can never keep us happy, but much of it will.

Alas, that weeping prayers answered should not have laughing prayers.

Prayer has far more to do with successful methods than most of us imagine.

Do unto the absent, when approaching their characters, as you would they should do unto you.

As a rule it is not wise to tell all one knows, though it is always well to know all one tells.

The Lord's Day Alliance has petitioned the amendment of the Lord's Day Act so as to prohibit on that day the doing of business and work for all classes without limitation, with exception and in favor of those carrying the Ministry's Mail, and carrying passengers by way of through traffic, selling drugs and medicines, and other works of necessity and charity.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS.

LIEUT. MEICEL, of St. Johns Slim (Nfld.) to be Captain.  
GABRIEL STICKLAND, of St. Johns Institution (Nfld.) to be Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

## THE GENERAL.

THE distance which divides from the happy moment when the battalions of this Territory shall greet their conquering Commander-in-Chief is lessening every day. The news of his prospective visit has thrilled the heart of warriorship from farthest East and West, anticipating the inspiration and impetus which the approach of their God-blessed General will mean to this branch of the Army's world-wide war and those who fight its battles. A keen expectation of spiritual feasts and of soul quickenings and awakenings induces strong hope and faith for the meetings that the General will hold. Marvellous as has been the success of his soul-saving life his latter campaigns have been marked by signal achievements of triumph. Every fresh number of our British contemporary glows with the record of these brilliant victories, and we look forward to the time now near-approaching when once more it will be privileged to recount in these pages the God-ordained and blessed Salvation engagements of the Army's revered and veteran leader on this scene of action.

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## A UNIQUE ARTICLE.

ONE of the most original, striking and inspiring articles ever penned by the Field Commissioner is now in the hands of the printers being set up in the very best type for the forthcoming Christmas number. The large contents bills are already announcing this remarkable article as dealing with the "Stable." A glimpse at the type-written sheets or "copy" convinces at once that it is full of richest thought, clothed in language of the choicest and most heart-stirring description. We can promise all its readers a unique and most interesting article is enhanced by a new and beautiful picture, of the stable scene.

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## THE PRISONER'S CHRISTMAS CRY.

## FUND.

WE would again call our readers' attention to the above and earnestly solicit donations towards same. Of all the ways to spend a happy Christmas, the helping to accomplish the desired end in this direction, by the circulation of the Christmas Cry among the inmates of our penitentiaries will not by any means be the least successful. The angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest." Shall the prisoners of heart of those who have been led to repeat that angelic refrain, and how too they can learn to sing it? The heavenly chorus sang, "Peace on earth good will to men." Shall the white-winged messengers reach the solitude of the prison cells bringing to the inmates, tidings of Him who came to speak peace to those who were afar off from God and holiness and heaven? Let our readers answer by generous donations to Miss Booth, James and Albert Sts., Toronto. Mark envelope "Prisoners' Christmas Cry Fund."

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## "WE'RE MARCHING ON TO WAR" AND VICTORY.

VICTORY is in the air. Our indomitable legions are pushing the war with unprecedented victory. The Massey Hall huge victory struck us like a cyclone, and we were talking about that wonderful event when news of the Massey Hall success set us all "hallooing" again. The tide of victory is spreading, too. Headquarters Staff report last Sunday as one of the most visibly successful days experienced in the war, having been twenty-one seekers for salvation at Lisgar St., ten at the Temple, five at Riverside, and one at Yorkville. How God's few ingatherings like this, if properly shepherded afterwards, will swell our ranks no less.

The influence generated by Miss Booth's meeting at the Massey Hall is quite orthodox. That meeting attracted the attention and sympathetic interest, not

only of "the man in the street," but of people in all grades of social life.

Said a lady at a vice-regal gathering recently, referring to the meeting, "I don't know how any freethinker could have listened to that address without having the very foundations of his unbelief shattered." This testimony to the impression created by the Massey meeting is valuable because it came unsolicited from one of the most talented literateurs of the Continent.

This increased influence for good, so largely owing to the magnificent work of our Field Commissioner, with, at the same time, the splendid militant form results won on the Army's old lines, is full of encouragement to us all.

For all these things we praise God, and wish on, Jesus Christ and His Cause, our battle cry. If we will we can make 1888 the best year yet. Let us try!

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## AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH.

THE variety and beauty of the illustrations which embellish the pages of our forth coming Christmas number mark it as an artistic production hitherto unsurpassed. From the magnificent four-colored cover, and striking scene and character drawings, to the dainty little decorations and graceful little sketches, every page of the sixteen reveals no small care and skill in design, and nothing short of a lavish hand in the question of expense. Some of Toronto's most talented brushmen have united to enrich the collection of beautiful pictures. Mr. Carl Ahrens, A. R. C. A., contributes two very striking portrayals of salvation life, while in their spare time tell many sermons even without their fascinating accompaniments of letterpress. Mr. Laughlin, whose valuable services have so frequently adorned our frontages, has also contributed to the beauty of the number. While Mr. George Semple (an old assistant on the War Cry's artistic staff) and the Grip Company, have also done their part towards making this issue of such artistic value.

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## HOW TO SELL OUT.

WHO characteristic of the Commissioner's leadership go hand in hand for the accomplishment of the great and glorious. Whichever our warrior leader inspires the ambition of her troops (owing direct to God and the Flag, she invariably follows up such announcement with such plans for its actual realization that it becomes no hard or impossible task for her officers to follow her to the very end of most advanced schemes. This provision is deeply appreciated by the Field Commissioner's people. Thus it has been with the Christmas Cry. The Cry has set a high goal for the circulation of the Territory to reach, but no sooner had courage been emulated for such an achievement than there issues from the Army's printing press the distinctive pamphlet prepared under the Commissioner's special direction, giving the minutest assistance and suggestion for the effort. "How to sell out" is the fascinating title of this fascinating little publication. It lays down the lines upon which the effort is to be run in every corps clearly and forcibly, and supplies such a store of hints and helps upon War Cry selling in the absence of officers to ensure the permanent assistance of officers in its sale long after the success of the Christmas War Cry boom has passed.

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## JUNIOR WORKERS, ATTENTION!

THE price of the new J. S. Manual for 1888 is 15 cents, and the Manual Lesson Cards 1 cent. Supplies may be obtained from the respective Provincial Offices.

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## HAVE YOU SENT YOUR PHOTO?

COMRADE Jas. N. Hyde, under the official recognition of Commander Booth-Tucker, is preparing a big International Photograph Group of Army officers. Miss Booth and the provincials of this Territory will appear in the same. Bro. Hyde has pursued his enterprise with most commendable energy and perseverance. He stated a few days ago "All I can earn now is spent towards this work and believe it will be used of God." Bro. Hyde is still open to receive photos of officers in this Territory. If possible, send him yours if you have not already done so. The profits on the sale of the consolidated picture we may add, will go to the Free Distribution Fund of War Cry in the hospitals and jails of California.

SALVATION. SALVATION IS OUR ONLY ONE NECESSARY THING.

## TERRITORIAL THEMES.

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

GREAT interest is already centered in the third issue of the General through the Territory, which gives good promise of being a tremendous affair from beginning to end.

His Excellency, the Governor-General, has received the Field Commissioner at Government House with that courtesy and kind consideration so characteristic of that distinguished personage, and has most heartily consented to take the chair at the General's meeting in the Capital City of Ottawa, on Friday, January 28th.

We expect in the next issue of Territorial Themes to give a fuller list of chairmen in the East and East Ontario Provinces, together with other features of the campaign, including Toronto. We might mention, however, that the Massey Hall has been secured for the evenings of February 2nd and 7th, as also for the General's three public salvation meetings in Toronto on Sunday, Feb. 5th.

Quite as we expected, the Commissioner's meeting in that beautiful and spacious St. James' Church, at Montreal, was an imposing affair. The church was more than crowded with a most influential and sympathetic congregation, whose interest and appreciation of the Commissioner's masterly effort was evinced by a very enthusiastic character. The Ottawa meeting, too, was impressive, and in keeping with the Commissioner's meetings generally, was over-crowded.

No one regrets so fully, or feels more deeply than does the Commissioner, for those of our leading officers whose delicate state of health necessitates their speedy removal from their present commands—notably Brigadier and Mrs. Read, of the C. O. P., and Major and Mrs. McMillan, of Newfoundland.

Brigadier Read, despite an affliction of a painful and distressing nature, has bravely battled on and done his best till the cold weather has made it impossible for him to continue longer. He finally relinquishes his present charge on Thursday, December 8th, and then—

In addition to the Brigadier's sickness, his heart's serious illness of their dear little Violet, whose youthful spirit has simply been hovering between life and death for some weeks, but who is now hopelessly recruiting, to the joy and delight of both father and mother. Thank God!

Mrs. Major McMillan has been a great sufferer, too, for a long time, as has also their little girl treasure, who in a fit of cold and recently, and from her collar being. Altogether, therefore, dear Major and Mrs. McMillan have had their cup full. God bless them! They are farewell from the island about the middle of January.

It may be well, too, for you to be ready, for "the end is not yet"—this is merely the beginning, and probably you are among the number down for a shake-up shortly. Keep your oil on the altar.

The St. Catharines now barracks is now an accomplished fact, and Staff—

## BIG DAY AT THE TEMPLE.

Eleven Forward at the Penitent-Farm. Ten of Whom were for Salvation. The Sub-Editor of the War Cry Leads the Forces on to Victory. (Special.)

A beautiful day of salvation was enjoyed at the Temple on Sunday, right away from knee-drill till the last gun fired about 11 p.m. Adj. Ames L. Page, sub-Editor of the War Cry, was in charge throughout, and according to all accounts thoroughly won the hearts of the Temple corps and congregation. She speaks here of the enthusiasm of the fighting qualities of the soldiers who rallied around her, especially in the Sunday night prayer meeting in splendid form with the glorious results as announced above.

## MAJOR AND MRS. GASKIN AND STAFF BAND AT RIVERSIDE.

(Special.) Red letter day at old No. 46. Major and Mrs. Gaskin's visit brought full houses afternoon and evening. One soul

Capt. Smooten, who has just returned from the open sea services, is strong in his praises of the good, substantial and economical work put into the building by Capt. Lock and Freeman, who have been the chief promoters in the erection thereof. That may be a good method, too, for your corps to adopt, viz., undertake to do the work and raise the money, get Headquarters consent, and buckle to.

The Commissioner has decided to make Montreal the Headquarters for the East Ontario Province, as soon as Brigadier Sharp can arrange it. Good move that.

Capt. T. H. Adams, of Lisgar St., is now transferred to the United States, and is appointed to the command of the Princess Irene, in Chicago. He is bent on raising recruits there by the grace of God. Power to his elbow.

Did you read "Advance Orders" of the last "Siege"? There's marrow and fatness in that book for both the mind and the soul of a soldier. He will take no trouble to prayerfully study it. I have just been reading a chapter or two myself, and that is the conclusion I have come to, or rather have been confirmed in, seeing the fact that at this conclusion a long time ago.

We are going to have another "Siege" soon. You might therefore look it up and get your gun loaded ready.

Brigadier Bennett, Brigadier Read, Brigadier Sharp and Major Southall have written in glowing terms of their expectation as to the result of Self-Denial in their respective Provinces. Some corps I know of have had over their campaign S-D week had scarcely started. Not so slow.

The men employed on the new Wood Limited, at Winnipeg, have given \$7.50 to the Self-Denial fund.

Golden opinions are being formed concerning the Christmas Cry—whose opinions go up as the matter rolls in. Evidently the special issue is going to be an conquerer to more than one. It is not only the opinion of those who compose the Editorial Department, although I quite believe they are in it.

Although S-D is raging and every officer and soldier is naturally absorbed in the effort, it is gratifying to know a number of souls are getting saved. Among others of the kind at Guelph, Major Southall informs us of a backslider of eight or nine years' standing, coming home to God, to salvation, and to the Army. Hallelujah! We crave for a multiplication of the like.

There is just time before the close of '97, for you to make one more desperate attempt to get some sinner saved—some backslider restored—some forgiven one sanctified. It, too, may be your only chance. That may be more mightily determined effort, therefore, like Samson's last, if you please.

THE LATEST—Lisgar and Mrs. Fox are happy. They can now say, "Into as a child is born, unto us a son is given."

at knee-drill, and four at night, one a splendid case. The Staff Band played superbly. Friends gathered. Addressed Gaskin's debut as a public singer. Soldiers and friends of the Riverside corps will remember the visit.—Attwell.

## GRAND FINALE AT FORT LISGAR.

## 21 Souls in One Meeting for Salvation.

Brigadier and Mrs. Read and Adjutant Stanyon's Farewell Sunday at C.O.P. Spent at Lisgar St. Captain and Mrs. Adams also say Good-bye for Chicago. (Special.)

Crowded barracks. Offerings doubled. Great excitement. Tears. Rejoicings. Soldiers on fire. Friends deeply interested. Band to the front. Divine influence manifested. Stirring earnest address by Brigadier and Mrs. Read, Staff-Capt. Minnie, Adj. Mrs. Stanyon, Capt. and Mrs. Adams and others. Heat of all one soul in the meeting in the twenty-one souls—three Jesus—on Sunday evening meeting for salvation, nearly all volunteered. Verdict of all—splendid day, wonderful meetings. Beautiful wind-up, Hallelujah!

# MONTREAL'S MIGHTY MEETING

## Miss Booth in rags, at St. James' Methodist

### Thousands of Citizens Congregate to Hear the Army's Leader Tell the Story of a and Sing the Song of Love

#### I. THEY CAME.

HO ARE THEY? "Who? Do you mean the group of people standing around the doors of St. James' Methodist Church, in Montreal, while the frosty breeze covers them with snow-flakes? Why, they are those who want to make sure of a good seat, and have come at half past six o'clock, resolved rather to wait half an hour in the blinding snow-storm than to run chances."

Expecting that we should have a crowd we had arranged to have the doors opened before the time announced, therefore, at about fifteen minutes to seven o'clock, the patience of those waiting for admission was rewarded: the portals of the beautiful edifice swung open. From that moment the people came in a steady stream until the church was crowded to its fullest capacity. The emergency seats were pulled out in the aisles; then the people crowded the steps leading to the gallery; they sat on the steps going up to the platform, and on the steps of the gallery aisles, as well as lined the walls of the body and the gallery.

The fact that the announcement of Miss Booth's meeting in spite of many counter-attractions and the inclemency of the weather, drew the largest crowd that had ever assembled in Montreal to hear her, goes to bear out once more the truth of the statement, that the oftener our leader visits a place the more anxious its population is to see and hear her. The many, and varied, and emphasized evidences of applause, laughter and tears convinced any doubting Thomas that the Field Commissioner had won a very large place in the affections of the Montrealers.

#### II. THE BACKGROUND OF THE PICTURE.

"Hush! —" A silence falls upon the audience. The slide door of the platform swings open; a subdued "Ah!" as a procession of little girls in white enters and takes the chairs of the Junior choir. What is it, that comes like a soothing zephyr from the celestial country over the care-worn mind, smoothing out the wrinkled countenance and exciting a smile from the most misanthropic as this little group in white, symbolic of their innocence of childhood, enters silently? Possibly an explanation may be found in the "Verily, of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Hello, what next?" A picturesque march, indeed. The representatives of the nations enter—India, represented by Mrs. Adjt. Coombs and Little Ajeet; Japan, with graceful gown and fan; Holland, in quaint and even attire; Switzerland, France, as well as the jolly Jack Tar, the U. S. Naval officer, and Tommy Atkins.

No sooner had they taken their seats, than the opposite door swings open; in it emerges the shining visage of a sturdy Scotchman, Brigadier Sharp, with the Commissioner's family—Dot, Willie, and Pearl.

Surely Miss Booth will come next. Everybody cranes their neck. "There—no!" It is Adjt. Morris with his mandoline—but there she is! A voice-rous applause—a little figure in blue steps on to the platform—"that is Miss Booth"—more applause—"no, it isn't." "Yes it is—" No, it is Mrs. Adjt. Stauden, who with the fortitude so often found in small people survives the ordeal. "Listen! Music."

"Why it is only an Italian playing outside for coppers."

"No it comes from behind that door

on the right of the platform. Don't you hear it growing more distinct?"

"Well, I'll be ——" Before the speaker ends his exclamation a lonely figure appears, clad in ragged skirt and torn apron, a gaunt, colorless "haw" around her shoulders. Playing a small accordion she proceeds towards the platform. It is "Miss Booth in Rags."

Her entrance was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of applause. It was a pity that the high railing of the rostrum prevented the audience from seeing the entirety of the Commissioner's "rags"—the ragged skirt, the string-tied shoe of the one foot, as well as the insufficiently sheltered toes of the other, remained obscure.

#### III.

#### THE COMMISSIONER'S ADDRESS.

Brigadier Sharp introduced the Commissioner with these appropriate and appreciative remarks, which only stirred Scotchmen know how to make. God bless Brigadier Sharp.

The Commissioner rose to speak. Too conscious of his literary shortcomings, his heaviness of style, vividly recalling with a degree of despair his utter inability to reproduce in cold black type on colder white paper, the burning words, quivering with spiritual life, that fell from our leader's lips upon the passive minds and opening hearts of that great audience, the writer deemed it wise to apologize in advance for his report of the address, especially to those who were present at the Montreal or Toronto meeting.

With eloquent directness, the Commissioner opened her address by calling attention to the closing of our Self-Denial week, setting forth the sublime sacrifice of Calvary as the ideal.

"I learn from my Bible, from its laws and teachings, that the way of righteousness and truth is the way of sacrifice. From close observation of its heroes, heroines and martyrs, following their journeyings from the time of the launching of their little barques, to the time of their running into port, midst the burst of bells, and the vibration of hurra and applause of angels throngs, that self-denial was their compass. I see shining as a beacon light in a dark world's midnight, hanging as a feeble star in the sky of every man's soul, traced upon the curves of time with far greater art, beauty and correctness than a Dore production, the simple life of self-denial, in order to bless, to lift, to redeem."

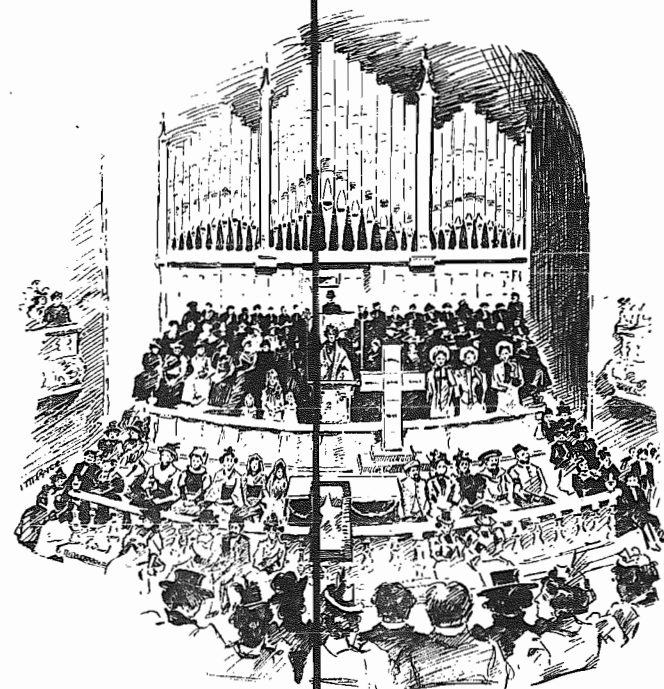
"I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver," was impressively sung by Dot, to the accompaniment of a mandoline, while the "flag with the fiery star" was drawn from the pedestal of the cross, revealing the first section set up, bearing the inscription,

#### OBEDIENCE.

Calling attention to this starting point of all service to God, the Field Commissioner pointed out that this is the foundation stone upon which the temple of Christianity must be built. The reason of to-day is, endeavoring to live in the favor of God, while disobedient to light that flashed as clearly upon their path as it ever flashed upon Luther in the convent cell, or upon Saul of Tarsus. We can always be confident that everlasting destinies hang upon obeying or disobeying God, as in the case of King David of Israel. In the days of his humility and obedience God honored and blessed him, and led him to unequalled heights of authority. With an army of two hundred and ten thousand soldiers

and all the infantry, cavalry and artillery of heaven behind him, he marched out at God's command to exterminate the Amalekites. Flushed with the victory, he returns, and upon being questioned by Samuel whether he had obeyed the God who had so blessed him, he answers quickly in the affirmative. "What meaneth then the beating of the sheep?" was the sentence that hurried him down from his great height. Disobedience brought Saul down, as has thousands since. Here the Commissioner made many direct thrusts at the consciences of those who so readily say that they are all right. "What meaneth then the discord in the family, the wayward child, the prodigal son, the silent weeping and cursing, the broken hearts, the crushed spirits?" Let us hope that many a one, wounded by this, resolved that there should be no more disobeying of God. The Commissioner explained why she once adopted the attire in which she appeared on the platform. It was to gain admission into those darker alleys and courts, into which a decently-attired citizen, or even a uniformed Salvationist, dare not venture at that time. Her recital of the ingenious way in which she found admittance to the jails, gained time far beyond the limits of the full rules and the story of the one who had "fallen like a star from the sky to black depths" was simply fascinating.

While another chorus: "Oh speak, oh speak as before Thee I pray," fastened the first principle upon the



THE PLATFORM AT ST. JAMES' AS IT APPEARED AT MISS BOOTH'S MEETING.

memory, the second section of wood surmounted the first block, and another inscription appeared:

#### SYMPATHY.

Pointing to the object-illustration, Miss Booth stated that Jesus was also our example in Sympathy—of all graces the most to be prized, yet of all the most rare. While there never was a day of greater light and education—each century having brought its share of advancement in industry, science and art—while our pulpits are numerous, and from a point of ability are well filled; while the gift of oratory is not lacking, yet that balm which heals all wounds, and the touch to which the vilest and the worst is most susceptible is lacking—namely, Sympathy. Jesus came to show that to lift the burden you must feel its weight. With graphic description she called up before the imagination examples of Jesus' sympathy. His giving back to the widow of Nain the son whom they carried to the burlin; that sublime instance when the Bible records "Jesus wept." In its shortest and yet most descriptive sentence; the children which He blessed when He was weary and tired, and His disciples would in their anxiety prevent anything that would shroud the already weary rest of the Master—"Suffer them to come unto Me."

Referring again to her own experience, the Commissioner said that who was not always able to save the life but who could weep with those that weep; who could not always take away the pain, but

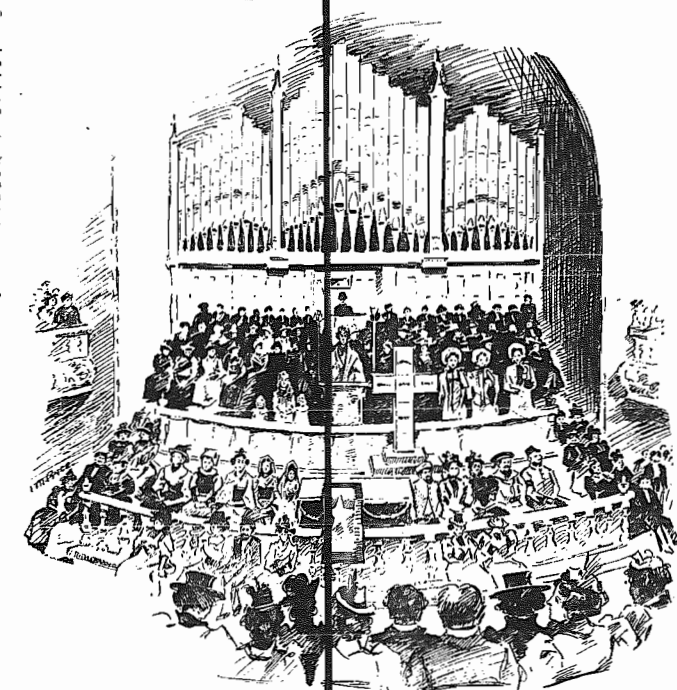


WILLIE AND PEARL'S DUET—MISS BOOTH GIVES THEM A START.

# MIGHTY MEETING.

## St. James' Methodist Church.

### the Army's Leader Tell the Story of a Broken Heart the Song of Love



THE PLATFORM AT ST. JAMES' APPEARED AT MISS BOOTH'S MEETING.

and all the infantry, cavalry and artillery of heaven behind him, he marched out at God's command to exterminate the Amalekites. Flushed with the victory, he returns, and upon being questioned by Samuel whether he had obeyed the God who had so blessed him, he answers quickly in the affirmative. "What meaneth then the bleating of the sheep?" was the sentence that hurled him down from his great height. Disobedience brought Saul down, as it has thousands since. Here the Commissioner made many direct thrusts at the consciences of those who so readily say that they are all right. "What meaneth then the bleating in the family, the wayward child, the prodigal son, the silent weeping at midnight, the broken hearts, the crushed spirits?" Let us hope that many a one, wounded by this, resolved that there should be no more disobeying God. The Commissioner explained why she adopted the attire in which she appeared on the platform. It was to gain admittance into those darker alleys and courts, into which a decently-attired citizen, or even a uniformed Salvationist, dare not venture at that time. Her recital of the ingenuous way in which she found admittance to the alleys, gained time far beyond the limits of the full rules and the story of the one who had "fallen like a slanting rest of the sky to black depths" was simply fascinating.

While another chorus:  
"Oh speak, oh speak as before 'Thee I pray,'  
fastened the first principle upon the

memory, the second section of wood surmounted the first block, and another inscription appeared:

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Referring again to her own experience, the Commissioner said that she was not always able to save the life, but she could weep with these that weep; she could not always take away the pain, but

she could always say that she was sorry; she could not always clothe the babe, but she could always hold it close to her own breast, that its warmth might warm the child and comfort it. The story of the woman whose criminal career was transformed into the useful life of a Salvationist by a kiss, touched every heart and dimmed every eye with tears. It was a more powerful illustration of sympathy than a book of fine theories about it.

"Sympathy would carry us to the despairing with hope. I don't mean elegance—I mean sympathy. It will make us to change straw pillows into downy ones. I don't mean money—I mean sympathy. It will mean that thousands less taxes will be shed because we care, because we had—not the gift of prophecy—but sympathy. I say, give all the sympathies in this city a sympathizing heart and the strongholds of iniquity will crumble."

"Kind words will never die, never die," rung out the strains of the familiar hymn, while the third block was hung to the left, thereby adding another word:

#### SACRIFICE.

What greater and nobler example of sacrifice have we, than Jesus? See the King of Glory, the Prince of Heaven, the Monarch of all nations, all kingdoms, stepping from the throne to the manger, and climbing the weary, blood-marked journey back again from the manger to the throne. The hero of the mighty throng whose tramp will sound and whose voices will re-echo as long as the ages roll. Behold that white-robed multitude, who by virtue of their sacrifices have climbed and stand in the highest places in the highest heaven, having come out of great tribulation and washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb. Sacrifice saved the seed of the church and sent Christianity like a prairie-fire sweeping through the world. Sacrifice by its blood-marks upon the sands of time, opened up the track to heaven. Forcible illustrations were given to illustrate the cruel persecutions which were resorted to by those in authority to stamp out Christianity, with the effect to increase it only. The procession does not stop with the martyrs of bygone days but continues with the willing spirits of ten thousands of Salvationists who have left all to follow Jesus. We have them in Iceland and Lapland, in Africa and in Japan as well as in India. From the nationalities represented at the meeting in national costume, the Field Commissioner called Mrs. Adji, Coombs and her little Ajeet. She introduced Mrs. Coombs as one of the officers who have labored among the natives as one of them. The Commissioner said that they represented the poor of all lands and embracing Mrs. Coombs, India and the poor kissed each other, while the audience witnessed a little scene of love upon the pulpit in his Indian garb, with bare feet, he was a picturesque figure. The Commissioner continued, that many a little grave in that barren country with a simple inscription as "Faithful unto death," tells of a fallen soldier and a crowned warrior. She did not fail to sharpen the point of her remarks about sacrifice by a very touching story. Then again rung through the stillness of that concourse a beautiful melody which dissolved itself into:

"I count no sacrifice too dear."

and another section was hung opposite the last addition, bearing the fourth password of the meeting:

#### "LOVE."

"Someone said to me, he thought all the love had gone out of the world. I answered, to take all the love out of the world, you will have to take the love out of the sky, the trees from the forest,

the ship from the lands, and the laughter out of the nursery. Love gives the flash to the eye, the pink to the cheek, the nerve to the spirit and the passion to the heart. The earth asks heaven's aid to be wanted to battle against temptations, ride through its storms, triumph over its evils, carry its burdens, live its full and die its death. Heaven answers: "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." Miss Booth recited as an instance of the unselfishness of Love the story of the death of Princess Alice, as Mr. Gladstone had told it in Parliament. Fittingly was the following verse sung.

"Love Divine, from Jesus flowing,"  
The last section towering above the rest and completing the cross was named,

#### CROWNING.

"All obedience and sacrifice has its crowning as the sacrifice of Calvary was crowned by the lifting of the Rock of Ages. The founding of redemption's plan—the laying of the roadway from earth to heaven—the opening of heaven's gate—was crowned by abundant entrance, all full of indescribable glory, with portals thrown back their widest, to make way for God's Redeemer Calvary's Lamb—for the sinner's Saviour. He enters through the triumphal arch of diadem and beryl, midst psalms of bells, the clash of cymbals, the thrill of hurrahs, the shout of Hosannah and the song of the angels. The Father crowns him, whilst the great orchestra of heaven sings the new song.

"Worthy is the Lamb, who on Calvary

"And so, all along the line, I see the crowning. The great multitude that gathers, they are to wave palms and to sing songs, no more to weep. Hows that were weary in the conduct of righteousness will be crowned. All nations fall into line; they come from all places of the earth. Let them come. They are those who came through great tribulations; their garments are white, their faces are bright. Who are they? What do they sing? O Lamb who has redeemed us in His own blood, let us honor, and glory, and thanksgiving, and power, and might. There will be no more tear or sign, no more grave or night. No more pain, or death, or hunger, no more—all will be crowning.

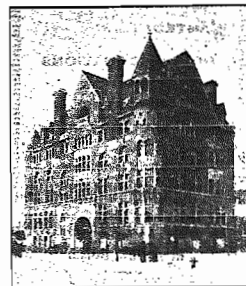
#### IV.

#### GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

The order throughout the whole meeting was remarkable. Our beloved leader spoke for nearly an hour and a half and yet there was riveted attention at the close of her address. Her listless embrace all classes of society, but there appeared to be only one impression and feeling, namely, that the meeting was a success without qualification.

As each section of the cross was added, a song, a well chosen chorus which emphasized the point which the Commissioner had brought out, as well as introduced a diversion to avoid a strain upon the audience's beautiful attention.

Willie and Pearl also sang several



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, MONTREAL.

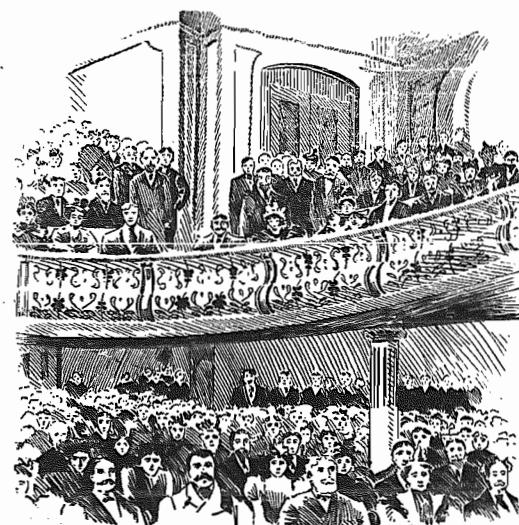
choruses to the great delight of the audience, which liberally applauded them. Every body fell in love with them at first sight. Are they not a forcible objection of what training may do with the phibic lives of children. Many kindly remarks made by the people about the children were certainly the sincerest form of praise and recognition of the Commissioner's care, patience and love so freely given to the development and multiplying of their best emotions and abilities.

The gradual erection of the plain wooden cross in five sections served wonderfully to focus upon the minds of the eager listeners the Commissioner's lived appeals to more consecrated lives of the followers of Jesus, and will often aid the memory to keep alive, as well as turn to useful account, the blessings received.

One elderly gentleman apparently had seen and known little or nothing of the Army except what he heard from biased criticisms, and had come well stocked with prejudices. Gradually his interest was aroused, but he struggled bravely to control his expression of countenance. When, however, the Field Commissioner, with her original touch described her first lesson in scrubbing, he collapsed with mirth. He so thoroughly enjoyed a laugh with the rest that he only recovered his equanimity in time to lose it again by silently wiping off a few tears that had found their way down his cheeks, when Miss Booth told of little Jack's sacrifice for the benefit of his widowed mother. Jack had found a newspaper which promised to the nearest relative of anyone in whose possession the paper was found when accidentally killed the sum of £500. Two days after that Jack was found in a lifeless heap underneath a bridge with the newspaper in his fixed in his rugged jacket, that the filled-out coupon was at once seen by the policeman who discovered his corpse.

When the Commissioner spoke of her visits to the court and alleys into which

(Continued on Page 8.)



A TINY SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE.



## WANTED!

DOLLAR DONATIONS  
FOR  
PRISONERS'  
XMAS WAR OLYMPIC.

See Editorial in this issue.

## Dear Old Yorkville Corps IN A NEW HOME.

Quite naturally the few devoted and faithful soldiers felt a little depressed at having so suddenly to leave their old homestead, where so many glorious battles had been fought and won at such great odds. Whatever depressing feeling remained was utterly banished on the first night of the opening of the new, neat little hall on the corner of Yorkville Avenue and Yonge Street. Capt. McLellan's busy fingers had worked hard to fix things in good condition for the first battles, which took place Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Nov. 27th, 28th and 29th.

"Thank God we have got a new hall," was the termination of each comrade's testimony on the glorious Sunday night. "We and you cheerfully all they said and seeing that the meeting was being conducted just outside the new barracks they did not fail to point up to the nicely-lighted, warm and attractive hall. What if it is up a small flight of steps? The comfort to be got when once inside amply pays for the effort put into the climb. Brigadier Head was on hand for the occasion, and the first free-and-easy contrasted strongly and favorably with the kind of devilment that used to be visited on in that place. Truly it is a capture from the enemy. For the first time holy songs of joy, words of love and entreaty, took the place of vile songs and oaths. The soldiers were full of thankfulness and told it out. Dear Mrs. McLellan's face shone and things were going with a swing when Mr. D— who runs the printing business underneath, popped in the door, pushed his way to the platform and handed a key to the Brigadier, saying "Guess you'll want this to get in to-morrow." Then giving him a "God bless you," he turned on his heel, went out, not forgetting the collection box as he did so. He has been kind enough to the Captain. The Brigadier poured in some red-hot shot, and one dear fellow who formerly served the devil in that place desired our prayers. We went home hungry for the first Sunday's battles.

The knee-drill was good, and at the holiness meeting Emgen Bale, Capt. P. House and Emgen House turned up to assist us. They rendered practical assistance too! Especially did the Army Accountant's testimony take hold of us all. The Brigadier read of the "salt" and its savor, the "light" and its illumination, the blessing of bearing persecution for Christ's sake. One dear woman who had listened outside to the children singing "Whiter than snow," came up the steps to the holiness meeting, and gave a blessed testimony saying "O, I did crave to be where the holy people are. Thank God I am holy." One dear old gray-haired man confessed he was not what he ought to be. It was a deeply spiritual time.

Glorious indeed was the afternoon march, and triumphant indeed was the indoor meeting. A filled house was a cheerful sight, and a splendid old-time free-and-easy was enjoyed. God set His people at liberty. Again the comrades poured out their souls upon the people. It was a time of rich and lasting enjoyment. The "T. H. Q. Staff boys helped right nobly with their music. No one did they play but fervently they prayed and worked with a will.

But the night gathering was the climax. Mrs. Brigadier Head came to assist. Mother Florence was all there. Small contingents from Leagar, Temple, and Lippenhitt came to our help. Mrs. Road spoke of the glorious gift of choice which God had given to us all. The Brigadier suited in the net and two sin-laden souls their burdens, thus Divinely sealing the first Sunday's battles in old Yorkville Town Hall.

On Monday the Temple Band came up to assist. A grand jubilee was held, and of course Yorkville's officers and soldiers breathed more freely. There were grand times aired for this dear loyal corps.

P.R.Y.

A Children's Nursery, or Day Creche, has been opened in Cannanville, Ohio. Hundreds of little children have been cared for. Brimley Addie speaks of opening another such place in order to be able to care for all who come.



## BUSINESS BUSINESS BUSINESS

\*\*\*

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for  
the  
Children.

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### CONTENTS

PARTIAL LIST.

- "OLD TIFF." By the FIELD COMMISSIONER.
- A CHARMING FRONT PAGE PICTURE ENTITLED, "HEAR DEM BELLS A RINGIN'."
- "A LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE." Brigadier Duff, Editor of the London Young Soldier.
- "JOE'S CONVERSION." By Brigadier Margate.
- "A STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S SHOOTER." Mrs. Brigadier Road.
- "MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THE ARMY." Major Gaskin.
- "YULE-TIDE IN A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE." Staff-Capt. Hargrave.
- "TRIP'S CHRISTMAS EVE." Adjutant Page.
- Lots of pretty pictures and other good matter for the little ones.

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### G. B. M. APPOINTMENTS.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Windsor Dec. 13; Dartmouth, Dec. 14; Rescue Home, Dec. 15; Halifax, Dec. 16; Halifax, Dec. 17; Truro, Dec. 18; Stellarton, Dec. 19; Westville, Dec. 21; Pictou, Dec. 22; Charlottetown, Dec. 23; Summerside, Dec. 24; New Glasgow, Dec. 25; North Sydney, Jan. 1; Sydney Mines, Jan. 2; Glace Bay, Jan. 4; Fort Monck, Jan. 5; Sydney, Jan. 6; Pugwash, Jan. 8.

CAPT. CUMMINS.—Toronto, Dec. 12 to 27; Brampton, Dec. 28, 29; Orangeville, Dec. 30; Salem, Dec. 31.

ENSIGN MCKENZIE.—Neepawa, Dec. 11, 12, 13; Minnedosa, Dec. 14, 15; Rapid City, Dec. 16; Brandon, Dec. 17, 18, 19; Virton, Dec. 20, 21; Moosomin, Dec. 22; Regina, Dec. 24; Moose Jaw, Dec. 25, 26, 27; Maple Creek, Dec. 28; Edmonton, Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Calgary, Jan. 4, 5; Medicine Hat, Jan. 6; Regina, Jan. 7.

ADIT. HAY'S TOUR, J. S. Secretary and G. B. M. Agent.—Moscow, Dec. 11, 15; Wallace, Dec. 17, 18, 19.

The best preacher is the one who comes the closest to living his own preaching.

### LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for loans or small sums. Full particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SUTHERS, Cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



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## MONTREAL'S MIGHTY MEETING.

(Continued from Page 7.)

The only fault Montreal has to find with the Commissioner is one which they hold in common with other places, viz., that the Commissioner does not come often enough. This is certainly a true compliment, at the same time it is impossible with the immense stretch of country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Newfoundland and Labrador, as well as the North-Western portion of the United States—to visit any place as often as she desires to do, especially as a multitude of varied and heavy responsibilities demand that she should not neglect her Territorial Headquarters for any length of time. It is required only to be mentioned to insure consideration from all her soldiers and friends.

While many good resolutions sprang into life in that meeting may shrivel under the chilling influence of everyday struggle, yet the impetus that makes for righteousness will have been received or intensified in many lives that will treasure it according to its true value. Many weary toilers on the upward path will have received true encouragement.

As the different sections of the cross were subjoined during the Commission of a address, over and addition to the great number of spectators from the vessel, the writer, who sat immediately behind, it made his heart beat the prayer that the principles written on that wood—cross—Obedience, Sympathy, Sacrifice, and Love, as they lay planned in his life, as the cross actually lay in his self. That it was seen so in the Commission of experience amongst the poorest and lowest-sunken, that it was felt in her very appearance and heard in her inspired words, as well as sensed in her heart. I may not? Nay, we all who have heard of her, and her and have been with her. KNOW.

 $\mathbf{y}_i$ 

From the Montreal Gazette

From Daily Star:

the fact that Miss Booth would appear in the costume in which she carried on her work among the unfortunates in that city. It was the wish of many others who were present that she should appear in the dress it is safe to say, visited her in prison. The sole purpose of ascertaining what the gifted speaker had to say. And if they were disappointed, they were not. In her address, her description of her work among the criminals, clinics and the outcasts of London, she was so convincing that from the start to finish she received an attentive hearing, and in many cases the patheticness of her remarks brought tears to the eyes of those who heard her. When she left the church last evening she received an Army welcome, and the hearty applause which greeted her appearance from others who were not present. She was welcomed by them as well as by those connected with the organization. Her remarks were replete with many anecdotes and facts which were of an unusually pathetic nature.

The entire report in the Star is nearly

... Miss Booth's welcome was not confined to her confreres alone. The entire audience frequently expressed its sympathy with her, and her reception was a most cordial one. Miss Booth made her appearance in a very striking costume. . . . This was the heroine of the London slums, the worker among the dark corners of Bethnal Green and

The Witness also had a lengthy report and a photo of the Commissioner in its pages the following morning. The Daily Star was very up-to-date in reproducing one of the Commissioner's photos "in page."

Rothwell.—Good week-end. One soul dedicated three children to God. Yours in Hlm.—C. Jurvis, Capt.

Pictou, Ont.—Since last report one soul. To God be all the glory. We are on the winning side.—Lieut. Dora for Captain Campbell.

Sudbury.—Finances better, attendance increasing, three sinners and five Juniors since last report. Praise God. Yours for the dear lambs' salvation.—Nicholas R. Triekey, J. S. S.-M.

North Bay.—God is with us. Hallelu-  
jah! Good meetings all week. In the  
strength of Christ we fight. Souls must  
be saved.—J. W. McCann, Capt., M. A.  
Mainland, Lieut.

Gananoque.—Praise God, is the prayer of our heart. War Crys nearly all sold. Cottage meetings well attended, twenty-three present. We are going in for victory. Hallelujah! Amen!—Capt. Root, Lieut. C. A. Dickson.

Strathroy.—Interest still rising. One for sanctification and five for salvation during past week. Sister saved in afternoon (Sunday) meeting was in the march and on the platform at night. Hallelujah!—McLeod and Wife.

Edmonton.—Still fighting. S.-D. all the go. Many souls no convicted in our meetings. We are looking for a break. Sis. McKay, G. B. M. L. A. (what a title), has become a soldier. Yours fighting.—H. Kreiger, Cor.

Montreal J.—Brigadier Sharp and wife in power assisted by Major Friedrich Adj. Coombs and wife, Adj. Mrs. Stanton, and Adj. Wiseman and Lt. Grose. Soldiers all on fire for south Satan's kingdom stormed. Nine prisoners taken.—W. J. B.

Rat Portage.—Last Sunday the heavenly gales were blowing and blew one singer into the Fountain in the holiness meeting, one more in the night meeting. No wonder that Capt. Wilkins and Cadet Herringshaw danced. To God be all the glory.—Cadet H. Anderson.

Virden.—Praise God! We are marching on. We may not always see the effect of our meetings, but we are scattering the seeds that will spring up some day. One old man testified to having been saved some time ago through our meetings.—Reg. Cor.

Hamilton 11.—The devil defeated again and another prisoner captured for King Jesus. On Sunday night three children dedicated to God and the Salvation was just sailing into port, "Victory," after glorious week's voyage on "Self-Denial ocean, singing the tune of "One hundred dollars."—Fred Burton, Capt.

Norland.—We are not dead at Norland. Although you have not heard from us yet we are fighting still with the powers of darkness, and thank God, we are conquering. God is working in the hearts of some of the people, yet they seem to hold back, but we are holding on to God for a break in the devil's ranks. Your prayers are needed here, and we are praying for you to conquer for God.—Capt. Allan Nelson

Am prior.—We are having some good times. The devil is raging but, hallelujah, God is saving. This special week of Prayer and Self-Denial has been a blessing to us. Friday night we had a real night of prayer, which was a real feast to our souls. One brother said good-bye to the devil, and has taken his stand for God. We mean to fight and win.—M. Campbell, R. C.

Wallaceburg, Ont.—We have been having good meetings here. Soldiers all on fire for souls. One soul yielded last night. We expect a great break in the devil's ranks soon. Sister Mrs. Brown lectured at Port Lambton on the League of Mercy and the Rescue work. It was worth hearing. We are all working to smash our target this Self-Denial. Jesus is at the helm. Bless Him.—Sergt. Floss Smith for Capt. Paviour.

Vancouver, B. C.—Adj. Hay was with us for a week-end with his photographic. Good meetings. Sunday morning six forward and got the victory. Monday night was a photographic service, which was enjoyed by everyone who attended. Self-Denial is on the way. We are doing our best to reach our target, which is \$375. Adj. Ayro is a rustler, so don't be surprised if we come out with flying colors.—E. T., R. C.

Oakes, N. D.—Just arrived here a few days ago to help Lieut. McLean with the war. There are a good faithful lot of soldiers here that would do anything to see God's kingdom extended. God bless them. Ensign Broadbelt has been very sick, but we are hoping to see her again. This is a nice little town and the people much in love with the Army. Oakes is all O. K. Yours to help.—Anna Lindborg, for Lieut. McLean.

Clinton.—We are still marching on to victory. God is helping and blessing us, and precious souls are being converted. Two souls on Sunday, one who had been a drunkard a long time. When asked if he believed God had saved him, answered in a voice of triumph, "I do." He threw out a whiskey bottle and a pipe. Hallelujah! Jesus shall have the victory. Yours in the fight.—Sergt. Ida Bezzo  
Reg. Cor.

Brandon, Man.—Praise God for another week of glorious victory. In spite of the cold our early kneec-drills were well attended. Times of blessing and refreshing. Thursday night children's jubilee a decided success. Everybody delighted. Friday night half night of prayer God was very near. His presence was felt, in the midst. Three at the Cross. Good week end. Hallelujah! Yours for the Cross and Colors.—Trifloria.

Guelph.—Major and Mrs. Southall spent Saturday and Sunday with us and had a splendid time. Three backsliders returned, two of whom had been wandering far from home for some years, one of them had left the meeting, but had to come back again when he found the Saviour over ready to welcome the prodigal home. May God keep them true and help us to win others who are in the same position as these two brothers were.

and much interest manifested in their work. Their industrial and domestic work was good and much enjoyed. It was proven by the generous donations to the S-D Social Fund.—One of them,

Galt.—Arriving in Galt five weeks ago, and making no report in the Cry since then, we think it is time for one, so here goes. Last Sunday a good day, and we were out for a walk. We were to see two Juniors and two Seniors, crying for mercy, making in all twelve for the five weeks. Hallelujah! We are all working hard at S.-D., and it looks now that we should win. Major and Mrs. Southall with us. Thanking them. We enjoyed Major's lecture, and will be glad to welcome them back to Galt.

Peterhows.—We are marching on the strength of God. Week of blessing to our souls. Very interesting meeting on Sunday.  
 The people enjoyed it much. Sunday day was very fine. Our sons, Capt. Brynn took part in the meetings on Sunday. At night Englen Hendricks led the testimony meeting. Englen Kerr read the lesson, and God's spirit harked it home to many hearts, and at the close three precious souls were saved and merry. We are here leaving for many more. Praise God for Yours, rufelene.—May

**Calgary.**—A man—One backslider returned to the fold Sunday night. Very busy with Self-Denial. Eusign Smith, the J. S. man, with us Mouday night. Tuesday we drove ten miles in the country to hold a meeting. My, what a time we had getting there. About six miles out we stopped at a farm house, had our tea, exchanged horses, for they were like snails, and then proceeded to the church about three miles distant, where Captain gave the address on the Social work, which was very much appreciated by everyone present.—Lieut. M. McNevin for Capt. Ferguson.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—Arrived here Nov. 8th. Found things rather low on account of having no officer for some time. Had a welcome meeting and welcomed each other to the "Soo." The devil has a good hold here, but we are storming the forts of darkness on every side, and we know with prayer and faith we will bring them down. We are believing for big things in S.-D. Captain and I have decided to live on potatoes for the week. But Father thought we would eat something more, so He sent us a loaf of bread and some fruit. Praise God! One soul last night, little girl. Halleluiah! Yours in faith, Lieut. G. Cregar for Capt. M. L. Smith.

**Keewatin.**—Sunday's meeting the devotees of blessing, and although the devil did his best to send us in off the march by using his agents to fire volley after volley of snow-balls at us, we were determined that nothing should hinder us from warning them to prepare for death and dismemberment. The comrades took hold and for a short time there were some very straight dealing, after which we marched to the barracks, to find the door-way and porch blocked up with snow—more of the devil's handiwork—where God is, there is a way to overcome and snow is no exception. Many a grand testimony meeting. Many more miserable on account of sin—Cadet Heringshaw.

**Charlotteville.**—Another busy week with us. There's has been a lot of heart-rending and five have sought for mercy. Jany was laid to rest at the noon meeting Thanksgiving Day, the new band made its first appearance. God bless the land, particularly the fledgling ones. You'd think it was Christmas. Thursday night the Juniors had it all their own way. It was an unequalled success. The Y. M. C. S. Gleanings and death are busy in the world. Our beloved sister, Emma J. Knight, fared well from earth Monday, Nov. 22nd. She had been ill some weeks, but years of intense suffering, so she grew, nourished by the heavenly manna and the water of life. The memorial service Sunday which she has largely attended and most impressive, sought and found pardon ere it closed.

Belleville, S.-D., Week 6. Great blessing. 7 a.m. 8-90c-trills. Half of the prayer on Friday on Friday. Showers of blessing. One soil. Three men on Saturday and three on Sunday night. Praise God. Incredibly \$75.00. Be sure you. Prospects looked good. Considered \$20.20 was raised last year for S.-D. and \$24 this F. for the barracks. God bless. Cannon has forewielded and come to the house. He will help him! When collecting in the country for S.-D., ran across a soldier who had been in bed three and a half years. Said he had been in bed for an officer and two or three soldiers. He said he had felt neglected (good reason for it). He only lives about four miles from H. He was well saved and full of faith. He was well saved and full of faith. He was well saved and full of faith. God for Divine healing. He'll get it if he holds on. God grant it. Amen I-

# SING! UNTO THE LORD

Tunes—Jesus of Nazareth passeth by: Stella (B.J., 25, 3); Sovereignty (B.J., 21, B.J., 22, 1); Euphony (B.J., 138, 1); Madrid (B.J., 176, 2); Eaton (B.J., 167, 2).

1 Thy spirit I have once groined, Avoiding sacrifice and pain; Thy promises have not belied, Betrayed my Lord through fear again. With Thou not heal me yet once more? Thy will my broken heart adores.

To save the lost my all I give; Let all self-life now disappear, That only Christ in me may live, And speak, and feel, and love down here. All things beside I count but dross; I choose, I take, I love Thy cross.

That mighty, mighty faith give me, Which never wavers, never fears, Can walk the waters, Lord, with Thee, Can stand alone in face of sneers, The faith that dares to risk its all, And run where others fear to fall.

I love to tell both day and night, This war to forward anywhere; With consecrated powers I fight, Lost souls are now my only care, My love, like Thee, but sees their fall, And asking nothing, gives it all. The Marchale.

Tunes—We shall win (B.J., 28, 1); Rejoice in the blest (B.J., 32, 1); Rejoice in the blest (B.J., 32, 1).

2 Let us sing of His love once again, Of the love that can never decay, Of the Blood of the Lamb who was slain, Till we praise Him again in that day.

Chorus. I believe Jesus avers, And His blood makes me whiter than snow.

There is cleansing and healing for all Who will wash in the life-giving flood; There is perfect deliverance and joy To be had in this world through the blood.

Just now while we taste of His love, We are filled with delight through His name; But what will it be when above We shall join in the song of the Lamb?

Then we'll march in His name till we come At His bidding to cease from the fight; And our Saviour shall welcome us home To the regions of glory and light.

So with banners unfurled to the breeze, Our motto shall be "Holiness"; Till the crown from His hand we shall seize, And the King in His glory we see.

Tunes—A never-failing Friend (B.J., 89).

3 A Friend I have found who my needs hath supplied, A Friend who my sorrows hath soothed, A Friend who no hessing my soul hath denied, Nor suffered my heart to be moved.

He smiles, I am blest; He rules, I have rest, His presence destroys every fear; How can I be ever by sorrow oppressed With Jesus my spirit to cheer?

Chorus. A never-failing Friend! A never-failing Friend! Is Christ to me, so rich and free, His favors never end.

A never-failing Friend! A never-failing Friend! Give up your sin and you shall win A never-failing Friend.

A Friend I have found who has taught me the charm Of loving the purest and best, And into the wounds of my heart poured the balm.

Of healing and comfort and rest, His pain brings renewal, His cross brings the crown, To serve Him is my one great care; And here at the Cross I have hid myself down, And trust to be kept ever there.

Tunes—Homesley (B.J., 147, 2); Hark the voice (B.J., 90); Never can tell (B.J., 13); Out on the ocean (B.J., 227, 2).

4 Have you left your Father's dwelling, Far away in sin you roam; Prodigal your heart is swelling,

When you think of those at home. Oh, remember, God, your Father, whispers, "Come."

Prodigal, come back to Jesus, Leave the land of death and sin, All the past will be forgiven, Jesus wants to take you in.

He will welcome, He will wash and make you clean. Look! the Father waits to bring you To His heart of love again; Tunes to meet you in compassion, Waits to wash away the stain. Come to meet Him, He will banish all thy pain.

Tunes—Gospel news (B.J., 232, 1); Homesley (B.J., 147, 2); Blessed Jesus (B.J., 45, 3); Calcutta (B.J., 28, 2); Hark, the voice (B.J., 91, 1); Austria (169, 1).

5 Make Thy soldiers, Lord, aware That we are here, Teach us how to bravely fight; War against all sin declaring, Marching forward in Thy might; Leading sinners From their darkness into light.

Precious, blood-bought souls are dying, Let us to their rescue go! On Thy strength Divine relying, From destruction's endless woe, Lord, to save them, May we heaven-born courage show.

Soldiers brave and true are wanted, Who will battle for the Lord; Grace to conquer shall be granted Those who fully trust His word, And in Heaven His "Well done" will soon be heard.

Tunes—Shall we gather at the river (B.J., 21, 1).

6 Yes, there flows a wondrous river That can make the foulest clean; To the soul it is the giver Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus. Round us flows the cleansing river, The holy, mighty, wondrous working river, That can make a sinner of a sinner, It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek the cleansing river Have their deepest needs supplied, From all stains its waves deliver, To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river, Perfect cleansing gaining there, Losing burdens that need never Rise again to bring you care?

On the margin of this river, In your status why still delay? Why not now be free forever, And the voice of God obey?

## RESULT OF WAR CRY RACE

1st Prize, \$8 worth of Goods, Champion Fred H. Bell, Hamilton, Bermuda 4,179

2nd Prize, \$5 worth of Goods, Captain McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.E.I.—3,827



CAPTAIN MCINTYRE, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The third prize of \$3 worth of goods will be awarded later, as there is some uncertainty as to totals received.

Our readers will remember that the Race commenced in the first week in July and finished the last week in September. The totals given above are those of sales affecting that period only.

## A Bill-of-Fare Dialogue

BETWEEN

HANS AND JEAN.

Hans—I have shuddered concluded to hat a gut Christmas feast this year.

Jean—Zat is vat always ze Germans are after, can you not invite a fellow? Hans—Dat I will do, of course, and it will cost you only five cents. It is going to be a fine thing.

Jean—Will you have your feast in a card, or table d'hôte, Hans?

Hans—Dat makes nix difference. Dere is first "De Marryer von Spokane"

Jean—O, murder, you will not turn me to cannibal, Hans?

Hans—Shust you keep steady. You Frenchmen goot off like a puff and gets extoid all von going watsomever. Nixt I can notify you vat it is all about, Then Miss Boof has "De Stable Door."

Jean—Ze gracious me, has she made a carpenter for ze benefit of ze Band do hope?

Hans—And dere is a Page what dey call do Adjutant dat will seife up a dish mit a label dat reads "Down went McGultry," and

Jean—Say, Hans, zat is se old song warmed up for your feast.

Hans—Ach, you must keep quiet, you imagine, you say you fy off ze string. You shust wait. And dere will be auch something von de Terrestrial Secretair, vat dey call de Bricklayer Margerits, and dey call it "When I think of vat I ara, and vat I used to was."

Jean—Se fearful butchery. Zo man does not know his own language.

Hans—Ja, ja, the Englisher knows his own language. And den de Kapitän Adams will contribute a dancing like "Seasonable Sauce for Coked Christmas."

Jean—Dat is very good for him to sink of ze dispeptide.

Hans—Mine gutness, can you not be still, Jean? And de General von der Helfarmace, and de Chef von de Staff will auch something send. Ach, dere is anoder coming—dat makes me laff, ha, ha, ha. "A tenderfoot on a Ironcho." He will not be on much longer. And here is "Rikety Bohn," von Major Gaskin, and "Old Titt," von de Commissair.

Jean—Much funny names zey have in ze English language.

Hans—You bet, mine friend. Listen now, here is something like a ghost story, "The Shadow of the Friend."

Jean—Hans, you will make me have ze goose-skin.

Hans—And still dere is more to follow, de poet sings, "Nollies Victory," and "Christmas in many Climes," mit much blood-spilling von Major Southall.

Jean—Say, mon ami, what is ze desert of your feast?

Hans—Ach, ja, Impassant man, there is "Christmas Crackers done up in two barrels," and "Holliness berries." You can hat all in a fine artistic cover von many colors for life cents only.

Jean—Say, Hans, and what do you can zat feast?

Hans—De Christmas War Cry, of course. YOUNKNOV.

## PROSPECTIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE DELIGHTS THE TEMPLE.

A Farewell to Far-Going Rescue Officers.

Thursday evenings at the Temple are becoming to be looked upon as very interesting occasions. This particular Thursday's was no exception. Mrs. Brigadier Edd, with some of the Rescue Staff, three representatives of the League of Mercy, in their special costume, and some of the children from the Children's Home combined to make up a very attractive programme. After a rousing song led by the Temple band, which, by the way, is beginning to make a name for itself among the city bands for musical execution, and the other preliminaries had been gone through, Mrs. Edd delighted the people with a Prospective and Retrospective talk on the Social work. Many touching stories of the early days of our Rescue work in this city were told, as well as interesting facts, figures and events of its present day progress.

To say that the people were interested in putting it mildly, for they listened attentively to the very close, which was at an exceptionally late hour. One gentleman at the close, said to Ensign Atwood, "I had no idea the Rescue work had done so much in Toronto." He also signified his willingness to give a corner stone to the new building for the Toronto Central Rescue Home.

Ensign Turpin, Capt. Hart and Bandman Smerdon delighted the audience with a trio singularly appropriate, which em-

phasized the glorious truth that "His love can never fail."

On Saturday night the Rescue Staff had a little farewell tea at the Women's Shelter for Ensign Tovell and Captain Kerr, who are leaving this scene of the Social war. Ensign Tovell goes to Newfoundland, and Capt. Kerr to Helena. Some deeply spiritual thoughts were given by Mrs. Edd, after which most of those present had a word of personal testimony and farewell.

Capt. Shannon is also farewelling from the Women's Shelter and goes to assist Adj. Holman in the Montreal Rescue Home.

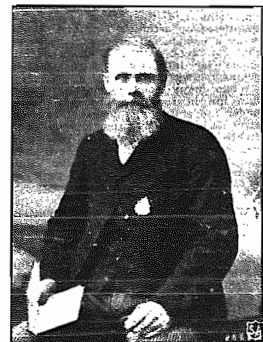
Our comrades will be very much missed from their places in Toronto, we pray that God will go with them to their new posts, and make them more than ever conquerors on the H-sons battlefield.

FLORENCE EASTON.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY

BROTHER CHARLES BARFOOT, OWEN SOUND.

With deep regret we report the death of our dear comrade, Bro. Charles Barfoot, who passed away to be with Jesus Oct. 19th. "Gone to glory," can truly be said of our beloved comrade. He was one that dared to do right at all cost. His chief object in life was to win souls



THE LATE CHARLES BARFOOT.

for Jesus. At the memorial service one of his sons came forward and accented his father's God as fast as he could. He said he was glad he had given himself to Christ, and meant to be true and meet his dear father in heaven. Since coming to Jesus we have had the joy of seeing four seek Christ as their Saviour. Thank God—Capt. M. Lott, for Ensign A. Taylor.



OUR LATE COMRADE, SISTER WOOD, OF ST. THOMAS, NOW IN GLORY.

Wanted, in connection with the Christmas War Cry sales—Vim, Vigor, Victory.

A strenuous effort is being made to place the Christmas War Cry on the Field in good time.

# Florence Worth

FROM THE STAGE TO THE SALVATION ARMY.

## CHAPTER VII.

**L**AST week we left Florence (we will continue to call her by her maiden name) paying a visit to her mother at Notting Hill, where she gained her first victory over the use of rouge and cosmetics. As we have already intimated, it was a cross to see herself without the damask bloom on her cheeks and the artistic curve of eyebrows produced by cosmetic pencil; but when she returned to her own home, she saw the servants whispering, and overheard the covert sneers and professed pity for "the master who had such a different wife," the iron entered into her soul and the first real shadow fell across her now-found joy. It would be too painful to dwell upon all the far and fret which came into the lives of this ill-matched pair after one of them set out to row upstream and the other remained content to drift with the tide. The strain upon the affectionate and strongly emotional disposition of Florence was terrible.

Before conversion a violent temper had been a prominent characteristic, the various trifles sometimes causing her to blaze forth into unwarrantable anger. In the accompanying sketch we see her before she got saved.

### "Clearing the Decks."

because the tea brought to her had not been made with boiling water.

After the first rapture of sins forgiven had somewhat abated the old habit reasserted itself in the presence of real provocation, and stormy scenes took place which caused her to shed many bitter tears, prompted by remorse and penitence.

Twelve months rolled away, during the whole of which time Florence was not allowed to wear uniform, and attended meetings only under protest. The sight of her little maid, her first convert-trotting to and fro in her

### Converted Stage Mat

was the only bright ray she could see in the darkening sky. Her mother's circumstances at this time were a constant source of anxiety to her, although the little woman never complained and her faith in God never wavered.

The devil did not fail to take advantage of all these things whereby to harass her, and when, in the providence of God, she was led to desire a deeper work of grace done in her soul, and asked herself whether the blessing of

### A Clean Heart

might not be the solution of many of her

difficulties, the discourager of souls whispered, "How could you keep it under your present circumstances?" The question assumed a reasonable one, and as she dwelt upon the awkwardness of her own position, as well as of her mother's, Florence yielded to the tempter in a miserable self-surrender, and missed the sure cure for life's wood-a heart by Blood made clean.

There is a close relationship between body and spirit, and the raging controversy within ultimately laid Florence upon a sick bed, where for many a long day, she lay prostrate in body and mind. Her naturally strong constitution, however, stood her in good stead, and, coupled with her mother's careful nursing, Florence once more took her place in the battle of life.

She taught baby Hyacinthe Army choruses, and tried her hardest to control the evil temper which she felt as marred the consistency of her profession.

Perhaps the sorest trial of all was the fact that she might not have her own mother to visit her when she was well again; and often, as she sat down to her own well-provided table and remembered that her mother was in the direct of poverty, the tears would well up into her eyes, and the food remain untouched upon her plate.

How could she eat and know her little

### Mother was Starving!

As she drove about in omnibuses with her husband's friends, or played the part of noxious, the tears would unbidden start, the sight of which only served to alienate her from those who should have respected the cause of her grief.

Matters had reached this pass when one day her husband came to her with an open telegram in his hand.

"Here is an engagement," he said; "you are offered the part of Marguerite in 'Faust.' Think it over and let me have your decision by one o'clock. It is now eleven."

Florence did "think about it." Again and again had she refused to accompany her husband to the theatre or take part in the acting, even though strongly tempted to

### Try the Experiment,

with a view to healing the breach which made her domestic life so wretched.

All the threatening and the coaxing had hitherto been resisted, but now the face of her patient little mother, deprived of both the comforts and even the necessities of life, rose before her. What should she do? If this play proved a success her mother would share in

them. That was the bait used by the devil to lead Florence back into the world. She had not the victory in her own heart, and consequently her

### Faith was Weak

She could not trust her mother with God. By one o'clock the die was cast. Florence had accepted the engagement and hurried off to the rehearsal. Referring to the sad and humiliating chapter of her life she said:

"I had no desire to be a backslider. My taste for acting was killed the day I got saved, and when I returned to the stage it was to me a purely commercial transaction, and therefore I merely acted mechanically. My enthusiasm was gone, and I pitted everyone in the profession, for my eyes were opened, never to be closed again."

### The Laughter Rang Hollow,

the painted faces were hideous; I seemed to see the death's-head beneath. The acting to me seemed beneath contempt. I longed for these people to be saved, but had no power to help them. Before I went back to the world I had an idea that I had given up a good deal for the Lord; but when I lost Him I realized that to gain the whole world was nothing—

### Worse than Nothing—

and that to lose Him meant to lose all. With this realization came a desire to banish thought. (It had given up praying, believing my circumstances too hard for God.) I envied those who were able to serve Him without fear—not knowing that the cross must be carried by such that will follow Him, and that we must learn true strength, and become rooted and grounded in Christ, by the discipline of loneliness. I desired to rest in human friendships, and craved for human sympathy. But that was not God's way for me. By the very withholding of these coveted treasures, Heavenly Father sought to lead me to take both my cares and my sorrows to the One who alone can give lasting joy and peace. Mine was an undisciplined heart, and my weakness and slowness to trust the Hand that would have led me gently, brought me into a land of drought and famine. To my mind, that first play was not a success from a professional point of view; and, though no one found fault with me, I knew that my love for acting was gone. So I went in for gambling with renewed spirit. I was enabled to put daily bets on horses, through my husband, who "knew the ropes." I was determined to be content with him if I could, and we had a daily "nap." I was very unhappy, reckless of consequences, determined to win at all costs, and, and—strange anomaly!—putting my baby to sleep

### With Salvation Songs

One of the first shocks I received after my return to the stage was from a young married couple who were giving a speciality during the performance. The young wife appeared to be a quiet, domesticated little woman; but one night I thought I would go and see their "turn," and, to my horror, I found them both in Salvation Army dress.



"LET ME HAVE YOUR DECISION!"

### Dancing a "Can-can"

and singing a travesty of the songs I loved so well. It brought back to me my saintly Ensign and other comrades I knew to be holy and consecrated to God. I SAW

### The Hell It Was.

and the sight thoroughly broke me down, for the time. I bitterly exclaimed against it, but only to meet with smiles and expressions of surprise that I, an actress, should champion the Salvation Army.

"I believed myself already damned, and therefore, I became more and more reckless as the days went by. The prize for which I had given up

### The Pearl of Greatest Price

I never got. I loathed the society I met with at the music halls, and the burlesque demanded by the tastes of those who frequent such places was peculiarly distasteful to me. I saw the seamy side of theatrical life with a vengeance."

During all this time Mrs. Worth was quietly pursuing her way as a soldier of the Hammersmith Corps, where she was appointed Ward Sergeant, J. S. Sergeant, and ultimately Band of Love Sergeant.

Baby Hyacinthe was left much to herself at this time, and it added bitterness to her mother's already very full cup that she was obliged to leave her a great deal to the care of people whose influence was anything but salutary to the opening mind of the clever little sprite, whose powers of imitation were only abnormally developed.

### To Powder "Like anna"

was one of Hyacinthe's delights, and we have her in the accompanying sketch preparatory to "dressing up," which was one of her favorite pastimes.

As she stood upon the chair facing the mirror, Hyacinthe was a picture of sparkling health.

Her toilette completed, she bounded away to array herself in mamma's bonnet and papa's gloves. Her father was away on tour, and to wear some garment belonging to him was one of her devices for making herself feel him near.

Through the open door of her dressing-room Florence could hear the shrill voice of her darling singing snatches of

### Army Choruses,

caught from her lips when rocking her to sleep. The sound was melancholy music to the backslider, and yet she loved the memory of better days so dearly that she was often found humming them over staidly, and liked to hear them from the staid lips of Baby Hyacinthe.

Florence never felt so sinful when in the presence of that little pure soul, who seemed to lack nothing but a pair of wings to make her into an angel.

Looking at her little three-year-old daughter, and remembering how different she had meant to bring up the child, Florence asked herself bitterly how it would all end.

Would the innocent light in those sweet baby-eyes ever give place to the reckless



"CLEARING THE DECKS."



IMITATING MAMA.

each time she gazed into her own mirror?—a hungry look, which told of

#### A Starving Soul Within!

Those baby-faces whither about they wander in quest of happiness when the baby-joys were all exhausted?

Florence writhed in anguish of soul as she asked herself these questions, and remembered how shallow she had found earth's brightest waters. Without God and without hope for herself, what chance was there that little Mary would know the joy she had once realized when she turned from the cisterns of earth to drink of the living fountains of God's grace?

It was a bitter memory and must be banished if she would preserve her senses.

It is quite true that there are no tears that scorch like the tears of a backslider who has not the courage to return. Florence wept till she had no more tears to shed, and all the while the phantoms for which she pined.

#### Sold-Soul's Word.

mocked her desolation and eluded her grasp. There is a terrible monotony in the round of disappointment, failure, and sorrow which dog the steps of those who join the ranks of the demerit—it is all one weary, weary tramp which leads away from the father's house. Would nothing change the course of things?

Yes, there was even then a "new face at the door," but neither Hyacinth nor Florence saw the shadow.

(To be Continued.)

## Shot and Shell for Saints and Sinners.

#### "I MAKES JIM GLAD."

A MAN who was sad and melancholy heard two boys laughing. He asked them: "What makes you so happy?"

"Happy?" said the elder of the two, "why, making Jim glad, and gets glad myself."

That is a true secret of a happy life; to live so that by our Christian example, our kind words and our loving deeds, we may make glad someone else.

ROUGH ON THE DEACON.

THERE was a deacon in a certain church into whose parsonage Sunday a drunken man staggered and sat down. The preacher was that day discoursing about prevalent popular vices. Soon the preacher exclaimed: "Where is the drunkard?" The drunken man was just far enough gone to think the call parson, so rising heavily, he replied: "Here am," and remained standing while the drunkard's character and fate were eloquently portrayed. Then he sat heavily down. A few moments later the preacher reached another head of his discourse, and asked, "Where is the hypocrite?" Gently nudging his neighbor, the drunkard said in an audible whisper, "Stand up, deacon. He means you just this time. Stand up and take it like a man, just as I did. It will do you good!" By this time the drunken man was summarily ejected.

#### ARE YOU LEAVING A STRAIGHT WAKE?

WE are commanded to make a straight path for our feet. As men, now this does not mean straight-to-day, crooked-to-morrow, but

words, leave a straight wake behind us. Hallelujah! If we look over the stern of a ship under weigh, we can tell at once whether the man at the wheel knows his business or not, by the wake left behind. If the wake is crooked, we say he is not to be trusted; if straight, we may get below and go to sleep trusting ourselves and ship in his hands.

We sometimes hear of Christians making crooked paths, but "brothers, these things ought not to be." Get the Pilot on board, watch your chart (the Bible), and steer straight!

EDWARD MORRIS, Reg. Cor.

#### IS THIS A MESSAGE FOR YOU?

A H. people have no idea what they possess! I should like to tell you of some of the things that are going on in the world. The first forty years were God's training for Moses; but the second would have been selfishness, and therefore would have only served to unlearn the lessons of the first. God sends for action after He has given experience.

"And Moses failed to go back to God. Granted, his prayer—there would have been—  
For him no leadership to win,  
No pillared fire, no magic rod,  
No wonders in the land of Sin.  
No smiting of the sea, no tearing of the sea, no tearing of the sea.  
No Saviour, with a God, to keep His burial—only forty years.  
Of desert, watching with his sheep."  
—All the World.

#### "DON'T TELL ME ABOUT HELL."

A MONGST the crowd on the Tuesday night I spent in Berlin, was a band of young men. The message was a solemn one—"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness"—and the crowd was solemn too. This little group listened quietly throughout the address. When the invitation to the penitential form was given, one of the young men grew very restless and moved about a great deal in his place. A Captain invited him to come out and get saved at once.

him, describing the judgments of God. "Don't put it off, this may be your last opportunity; I don't go to hell when heaven is before you," said the Captain. The young man grew dramatic, "Don't tell me about your hell," said he. "I have Christian parents and am well educated. I belong to the Young Men's Christian Association. The Captain addressed him, but instead of complying with his request, the young man jumped up, left the hall, and went straight away to drinking saloons. He then returned to mock the Salvation Army by ridiculing the meeting he had just left. "These Salvation people," he said, "have been telling me about hell and the devil, and only fancy I they said I might die to-day! Me—a young man, with a world before me, and plenty of time to get converted! In his excitement he stood up, tried to go out, but he fell down suddenly, and was—DEAD! The General.

## HOT SHOT.

ENSIGN SIMS.

ADISM is not holiness.

Salvation does not take the place of principle.

God does not sanctify stubbornness. He takes it away.

Talk is cheap—but a real, practical experience is invaluable.

The leader that wounds should never be without healing balm.

To strike a man over another one's shoulder is not a sign of bravery.

God doesn't always give us our Isaac back. Some people take their's back.

If the Salvation Army is good for the parents, it must be good also for the children.

When some people testify that their pride is taken away, dooney would be nearer the mark.

A tenth of all our possessions belong to the Lord. Be careful not to misappropriate God's money.

There is no regulation forbidding the treasurers and secretaries from selling War Cry on the streets.

There is a difference between doing the Lord what you want to do, and doing what the Lord wants you to do.

"Be ye angry, and sin not." is often quoted by people to justify their temper. It would be safer for them to interpret "Don't be angry, then you won't sin."

#### How to Successfully Sell War Cry.

GO with a pure motive. Ask the question, "Why do I want to sell War Cry successfully?" Is it that I may do as well or better than someone else, or is it that this paper may be a blessing to some one? Do I want to let Jesus speak through this paper to some one's soul, or am I just trying to sell a paper?

Go with the sunshine of Jesus in your soul; Put the selling into the very hands of Christ and let Him use you as He directs.

Convince the people that there is something in the War Cry worth reading. In one of the stores last week a man showed me an old War Cry on the counter, untouched, unused. We need first to know what is in the paper. Then tell the people what is in it. Show them what good things are untouched, unused. The preachers, thoughts, experiences that go into the War Cry weekly are there to be read. People who buy the War Cry because they are interested in the person selling may not be blessed. Getting the people interested in the paper may help to get a regular customer. People who have been blessed through its pages will want to buy again.

Note down anything about the people that will be a guide for the next week. Go in a trustful spirit. Have faith in God to open doors, and unlock hearts. Don't worry.

Be prayerful. Ask God's blessing on your district. Ask God to make you a blessing, and expect Him to answer prayer now. CADDE E. J. K.

## Our Mail Bag.

Newcastle, N. B., Nov.

My dear Editor:—

My share of omission in regards to reporting for the War Cry during last month has been many. Facts are, circumstances have been somewhat strange.

Here comes a reconstruction:

I was at Peterboro when you last heard from me. I tried to do my duty at that place, but I did not get out straight time to saint and sinner, fearlessly. Every body in that town treated me like a prince, and gave me what I would call a "blessed" send-off at 11 p.m. at the station. I took it as a compliment to the Salvation Army. Hallelujah! Glory to God! A Presbyterian parson remarked from the platform, "It must be encouraging to have a send-off like this."

Well, I should say so, my dear friend; it takes the Salvation Army to do it.

Got to Ottawa, O. K. Found my dear old father and mother hard working and happy as possible, praising God for blessings innumerable. Good home, surrounded by every comfort, working and planning and scheming for the betterment of their children. Only thirteen altogether, seven girls and six boys, two girls promoted to glory—none asked her father if he did not hear the bell ring and stretching out her arms to heaven shouted, "Come, Lord; come, come, come!" stepped into the "great" away to the glory land, the best of the family to go for this world. At midnight, alone on the Manitoba prairies, "tamping over the top" of the rebound count of Newfoundland, standing on the platform and stretching out her arms, I have fancied I have heard the voice of that sister saying, "Tom, go! You best bet for Jesus and dying souls." Another sister fighting away as an S. A. Captain. Two more evangelists winning souls for Jesus. Another only waiting for an opportunity to enter some work. Sister after sister, and her husband, superintending Sunday School. Thank God for good sisters. They are a great blessing to me. Five brothers, all of them doing business, all prosperous business men in the great North-West, active Christian temperance men, out and out for the right every minute. Another saved Methodist parson doing his best. Still another evangelist in Manitoba. Youngest, good boy. Two more, one an officer in the Salvation Army. The bad boy of the family but generally comes out on top. Dear old father and mother thinks we are all right. Very proud to have us come home and feel responsible for all hands still, be hearty, tender, full of love and sympathy for us all alike. Not wealthy, nor great, but good, happy, rich, and happy. Praise God! God bless them all! Nothing like home and mother after all. But I must tear myself away from

#### Home and its Bewitching Memories.

Got to Montreal, visited for a few minutes old battle-field at Point St. Jacques, where I have lived for years. To see you, if I had. Had just time to call and see some poor little ragged children, who when I first saw them I thought, "How like you!" Dear little souls. Parents once very well-to-do, gone down through misfortune. Traces of refinement still, beautiful humble hearts. One little girl—so beautifully. "Do you think if we would ask Jesus that he would bring little brother out of prison? Ah, those broken hearts and ragged lives! I was glad to see them again. Visited one more family, Sister Bullock. Got to Quebec late at night. Spent with a dear friend, a very warm, pleasant week-end at Campbellton, N. B. Very beautiful people. I intended collecting a little towards my fare. The Captain turned in the District, and my people gave me \$3 for her. I like my new command. The people are extremely kind. There are three very beautiful little towns in the District. I have not got the advantages many larger places have, but we challenge the Province for an all round advance on present figures.

Little town in the District. I may appear very small just now, but I would have all remember that small people are generally capable of growing if they are given the chance. I have given time and see if we do not make some of these great and mighty places start a little. I wish in God and hard work will do it. I shall be home soon.

Yours in the Blood—Adm.

T. A. MAGEE, Adm.

The O. K. Review, Brainerd Adm's private paper for officers, says, "Officers lose considerably by not making the most of, and keeping in close touch with their Locals. Ask for and ask for co-operation in all your undertakings."

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